OUTLOOK
and Independent

VOL. 158—NO. 13

JULY 29, 1931

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—Theodore Roosevelt

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Christian Culture, R. F. D.
By R. W. Baggott and Philip McKee
The story of the waning Chautauqua and its influence on rural cultural life, which the authors say is nil.

All Quiet on the Rapidan
By John S. Gregory
President Hoover and the White House correspondents are engaged in a tug-of-war about what is news, the White House contending that when a dog bites a Marine it isn't news. A story of the controversy, by a newspaperman.

What More Do Women Want?
By Creighton Peet
They dominate all our sales efforts, control our book, play and movie production, set the styles in motor cars—what more do they want? An answer to Emily Newell Blair's "Discouraged Feminists."

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WITH OUR READERS

Debt Plan Reactions

To the Editor: *New York City*

SIR—Politics never actually interested me enough to delve into its intricacies and question the fundamental principles upon which its reactions were based. Lately, probably due to the state of affairs throughout the world and its connection with our mode of living, together with the interest your magazine puts into everyday happenings, I have given these things more of a serious thought.

Your article on the debt plan reaction in the issue of July 8 wishes to emphasize the fact that this master stroke has been merely a preventative measure. It means Germany's salvation, indirectly saving billions of American dollars invested in that country. The loss to the treasury will be of such extent as to put a greater burden on the small taxpayer again to make up for the loss.

Why must the majority of us bear the burden when it is the minority, capitalistic class whose foreign investments are threatened in Germany? Why shouldn't these investments be taxed somehow to make up these $240,000,000 or that part of it which will not be taken care of by the increased tax receipts due to the increased amount of business, to cover the shortage?

It seems to me that your magazine would give some kind of hint to that effect and not pass over the matter in such a flippant and casual manner. By quoting such sentences as you have done at the end of the article, such words of "infinite wisdom" which have come from those "super-intelligent" minds, you are not in any way bettering the results. Your point of view can be obtained from other periodicals as well, but original means of solving the problem would be appreciated more by your readers.

ISIDORE TEPPER.

Wage Cuts Will Help

To the Editor: *Sacramento, Calif.*

SIR—With unemployment and flattened pocketbooks, wages must come down so that all goods, not just some here and there, may be sold for less, for attractive prices that will encourage us to purchase because we can afford it. Shoes made with three-day-a-week labor at 1929 wages cost the purchaser too much. Give the factory hand six days work every week and give him half time wages for the last three days and then those shoes can be sold for less and the factory hand will have more money at the end of the week with which to buy other products than shoes. Again, do not raise freight rates, but lower them and lower the wages of the railroad employees and then at least one line of distribution will cost less and the shoes can have a further cut in price when they reach the Pacific Coast from New England. It sounds very fine indeed to voice a continued high wage. What does the head of the United States Steel Corporation say about it? Are the competitors keeping up the wages? You can't long defeat the law of supply and demand. You can't sell oranges at ten cents per when oranges are a glut on the markets. Let us endeavor to correlate all activities and values and then we can begin to function normally and to build again. Let United States Steel, which is good to its employees, cut their wages per hour, give them more hours of work, and sell steel rails at an attractive price. This is part of the wholesome answer and all that the United States Steel Corporation needs to promise is that when its operations reach sixty or sixty-five per cent capacity, it will begin to raise the wage scale as it can. There must be community of interest and the tremendous bonuses should cease to be donated to the undeserving, and when such earnings are made all who took part in producing them should have a share. This is a part of the wholesome, necessitous reaction.

Since this condition of depression is world wide, then the whole world must be considered. Ten per cent of our production in this country is velvet for us and should go abroad. We do not need the goods here. If this ten per cent could go, our returns from it would far exceed such interest and debt payments as we are collecting. Independently of the fact that such drains are staggering some of the countries of Europe and gaining us their ill-will, the payment of their sums to us is disrupting trade and paralyzing commerce. Wipe the slate clean and begin anew. We suffered least of all from the Great War. Indeed, until these past two years, the effects of the war upon our collective and individual wealth and standing was to push us to the front and in advance of all other nations in wealth and prestige.

Last, but not least, gradually but definitely reduce the tariff wall and make it easier and desirable that the products of each country should more and more readily and cheaply go to those other countries that need these goods and cannot produce them either at all or at least as cheaply and as well.

ALFRED S. MATTSON.

A Stale Chestnut

To the Editor: *New York City*

SIR—It is pretty saddening to see the OUTLOOK fall for as stale a chestnut as Dr. Clendening's bit in your new number. This yarn is a mossy affair in the Middle West when a lot of Babbitts collect and tell how they got Bud and Bill through college "without it costin' me a goddam cent." Yes, the whole yarn is there, with the whiskey and the drunken preacher's son and "the whale of a good time." I heard it first along about 1910. Don't fall for the Kansas loudmouths quite so easily.

YALE MEDICAL SCHOOL '13.

After the Brawl

To the Editor: *Lexington, Ky.*

SIR—The advertisement of that golden medical discovery, Pix-Up, which probably has no more merit than a can of raw tomatoes, seems to have shocked the gentlewoman of Massachusetts. But why the horror and disgust at a remedy when the sacred Eighteenth Amendment does not prohibit the cause?

Perhaps Miss Galligan is unaware that the Constitution does not prohibit drinking (said to cause hangovers). But surely she must know that when the bill was proposed in Congress to make the drinker (purchaser) equally guilty with the bootlegger, the dry forces fought like the furies against such a measure.

Can it be that that august lobby is in league with the powers of darkness? I shouldn't be surprised.

T. Y. DORWART.

A Hearty Laugh

To the Editor: *Bloomington, Ill.*

SIR—To read the OUTLOOK is to laugh: Ha-Ha-Ha, He-He-He—whoops!

It has taken me this long to get my breath. Where did you get Eudora and her "Drinking Mothers"? From the Bowery? or Cherry Street? Replenish your editorial staff again—try Mott Street or resurrect something from the old Five Points. It's great to be independent.

JOHN MENTOR.

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THE NOBLE EXPERIMENT

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

July 29, 1931

▸▸ Trend of the Week ◂◂

▸▸*No Honest Wets*

MISS MAY MACKEN, an up-and-coming lecturer of the Pennsylvania W.C.T.U., has divided the opponents of prohibition into four groups; all-inclusive, hard and fast ones. She has done this under the approving eye of that dry warhorse, Mrs. Ella A. Boole. Strikingly ridiculous though the classification is, we offer it as evidence of the extent to which some drys are going in an effort to hold their fast-slipping support. Miss Macken's four groups of prohibition opponents are, as summarized by the New York *Times*:

1. Those "who oppose it because they have a financial reason for so doing"—does she put President Hibben of Princeton into that group?

2. Those "who like liquor"—would she say that Senator Morrow is one of that ilk?

3. The "corrupt politician"—can she be referring to Governor Ritchie?

4. The person prominent in society or church who is "indifferent to public affairs and to great reforms"—not Nicholas Murray Butler, another hardy wet?

The point to be made here is that our four typical wets do not fit into the W.C.T.U. classification any more than thousands of other wets. Why? Simply because Miss Macken has made no room for those who honestly oppose prohibition on account of its failure, its hypocrisy and its sham.

▸▸*Unpatriotic Ones*

THE MACKEN INCIDENT was not the only July one in which the W.C.T.U. played the clown. On the Fourth its Santa Barbara, California, clan was stirred to frenzy when a float sponsored by the Crusaders, an organization opposing prohibition, was not only admitted to the town's street pageant but therein awarded the silver loving cup. The float, judging from the pictures, was dignified and restrained, subtly topped by a quotation from the Declaration of Independence. Yet after its victory, resolutions became the order of the day and were so for a week.

It was a terrible thing, said Mrs. Ruth Reynolds, president of the Santa Barbara county W.C.T.U., "a sacrilege against the flag, the Bible and the Constitution." The cup should be taken back, she said, and awarded to the second best float. Such "unpatriotic displays" should be barred from future pageants. Thus the W.C.T.U. members and their kind protested to the city council and approved the action of Pasadena, which admitted a Crusader float but forbade it to carry inscriptions such as carried at Santa Barbara. It has become a crime to display the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth of July.

▸▸*Wickersham Report, No. 5*

FOR THOSE sickened at the thought of Mooney and Billings held in jail because of California politics and prejudices, the Wickersham commission's entry into the case is an encouraging development. As every one knows and has known for years, the California authorities are not to be moved merely by evidence showing that these two men are victims of a frame-up. The sole hope lies in securing Federal action which would influence California; hence any move keeping the issue alive nationally is altogether welcome. That is what the Wickersham commission has done in the Mooney-Billings section of its report on criminal procedure. The commission, it is true, says nothing which has not been said before, but valuable publicity results from its review of the case. It is something indeed for the commission to declare that the Mooney-Billings affair "is shocking to one's sense of justice."

This is far from enough. The Wickersham commission points at a flagrant denial of justice but does not lift a hand to remedy the situation. It is the same old story of the Wickersham report on prohibition which found the dry laws all wrong but had not the courage to recommend their revision. There we had the Wickershammers capping wet findings with dry recommendations out of deference to the dust-dry President Hoover. Here we have the Wickershammers making no recommendation at all, though one to the effect that the President initiate special Federal investigation into the Mooney-Billings situation would have squared nicely with the commission's own findings. Whether the commissioners realize it or not, the Mooney-Billings case has become one of practical politics. A recommendation for a special investigation would have been highly embarrassing to Mr. Hoover, who leans heavily upon California. The commissioners, as they have demonstrated before, lean heavily on Mr. Hoover.

▸▸*Prohibition and Vice*

KILL THE SALOON, they said, and you deal a death blow to commercialized vice. Such was an argument, before prohibition, which seemed incontrovertible. Many saloons harbored prostitution. At one time in New York, when the notorious Raines Law hotels were in existence,

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the saloon was its most fertile field. Organized efforts were made to clean up the situation, often by the saloon keepers' organization, but the progress was not swift.

Then the saloon was killed. During a period of reorganization, while the illicit liquor trade was getting under way, it seemed as though the desired consummation had been achieved. The curve of vice dropped. Many intelligent men and women must have felt, with justice, that this alone was reason enough for prohibition. Then came the speakeasy, which flourished and increased in large centers of population. Several years ago the Committee of Fourteen, created to fight vice in New York, punctured the dream. Prostitution was increasing, it reported. The speakeasy was responsible.

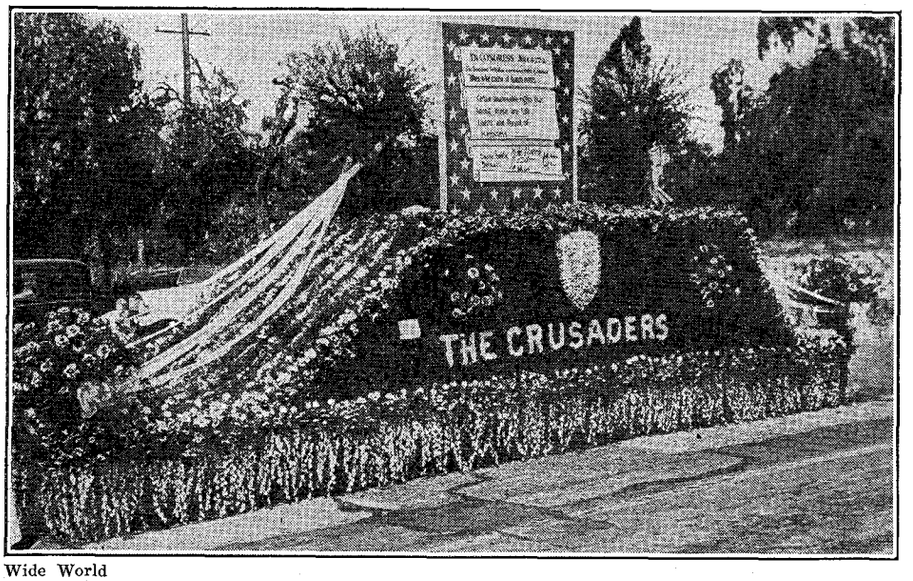
Its twenty-sixth annual report, now made public, tells the same story. Vice in New York is a more serious problem than for a decade and a half. In other words, it is worse than in the days before the noble experiment. Disorderly houses are springing into existence again. Girls are recruited through vicious dance halls. The so-called "hostesses" at speakeasy-night clubs are often prostitutes. The reason, of course, is that these places are already illegal and so are unterrified by possible police action. If bribery will buy protection for liquor selling, it will buy protection for prostitution.

Pulpits will continue to sound with praise of Volsteadism, however. The clergymen who still favor prohibition cannot claim that the Committee of Fourteen is in the pay of the liquor interests, that it is owned by the brewers. Its respectability is too well established for that. Their only course, perhaps, is to avoid reading the newspapers in which its reports have appeared.

▶▶*Quarrel Over Yorktown*

ANOTHER TEMPEST in a teapot has been created by the advice of the State Department that reference to Lord Cornwallis and his Redcoats be omitted from the George Washington Bicentennial Commission's pageant at Yorktown this October. In preparing to honor Washington at Yorktown the commission planned to picture a good bit of the surrender of Cornwallis, probably conscious of the fact that the surrender was what put Yorktown into the history books, that without it Washington might have had no head and the country no father. However that may be, the State Department put a heavy foot down on the commission's pageant, for fear, it said, "of wounding the sensibilities of a nation that has long ceased to bear the least resentment on account of that famous surrender." In plain language, then, go on down to Yorktown but don't breathe a word about the surrender, a subtle distinction which couldn't be appreciated by some fiery congressmen and at least one commissioner.

There is little reason to believe that it will be appreciated by the British. If anything, the State Department's advice is more likely to insult their intelligence than any mere pageant is to wound their pride. Further, it is doubtful that the British are to be offended at all by portrayal of the surrender since the Revolution probably brought them more gain than loss, in the long run proving a valuable lesson on how to hold their other colonies. All of which is beside the point, which is that official Washington has turned over a brand new leaf in international etiquette. Why, no longer ago than last October President Hoover himself was lending hand and vocabulary to the celebration of the battle of Kings Mountain. It was there, in South Carolina, that a Cornwallis lieutenant was so decisively defeated that the Yorktown surrender was effected before the close of the following year. Did Mr. Hoover gloss over all that? On the contrary, he called the British operations "a dangerous invasion well designed to dismember and separate the united colonies."



Wide World

W. C. T. U. TARGET
Prize-winning float in Santa Barbara pageant

▶▶*Roosevelt's Health*

ON APRIL 29, 1931, three specialists examined Governor Roosevelt of New York to determine whether he was physically fit for the Presidency. Those who have observed the Governor within the past year, noticing his vigor and ruddy complexion, will not be surprised to hear that the verdict was in the affirmative. Indeed, if they are realists, they will appreciate that no verdict would have been made public had not Roosevelt conquered, to a large extent, the after-effects of infantile paralysis.

"We . . . . believe," said the physicians, "that his health and powers of endurance are such as to allow him to meet any demand of private and public life."

The examination, given by Doctors Samuel W. Lambert, Russell A. Hibbs and Foster Kennedy of New York, is described in an article by Earle Looker in the July 25 issue of *Liberty*, the magazine now owned by that apostle of health, Bernarr Macfadden. Mr. Looker challenged the Governor of New York to submit to the test, and described himself as "a Republican and . . . an ardent admirer of the aggressively strenuous tradition of the Roosevelt name." He warned that propaganda would be set in motion to prove that Governor Roosevelt was unable to stand the strain of the Presidency. The purpose, Mr. Looker added, was to weaken him among the voters. The Governor then authorized the examination.

Satisfaction that any lingering doubts on this subject are removed will be unanimous. The public, Democratic or Republican, wet or dry, has warmly

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admired Governor Roosevelt's courageous fight for health. Greater interest, since this question has virtually been

FIT AS A FIDDLE
Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York

conceded, will attach to Mr. Looker's revelation that as far back as February, 1931, Governor Roosevelt was viewing himself as a possible Democratic nominee in 1932. He has, after the immemorial and foolish custom of politicians, attempted to give the impression that he does not seek the honor, that he makes no move toward obtaining the nomination. While arrangements were made for the visit of the doctors, however, Governor Roosevelt was asked whether he desired to be President. This time his answer was somewhat less vague. He had not wanted to be Governor of New York, he said; he had accepted "in order to accept an opportunity for service."

"I feel the same way about the Presidency," Roosevelt added. "That's all there is to it."

➤➤*Birth Control*

LITTLE BY LITTLE, progress is made against superstition and ignorance. Now it is Judge Woolsey of the Federal Court in New York, ruling that *Contraception,* another book by Dr. Marie C. Stopes, is not indecent. The study may be admitted under the customs regulations because, Judge Woolsey says, it is "a scientific book written with obvious seriousness and great decency," one "primarily for the medical profession." It was this same Judge Woolsey who, three months ago, declined to bar Dr. Stopes' *Married Love.*

This is progress, though not radical progress. The decisions will be applauded by those who do not share the traditional American timidity on sex. Credit must go, in the first instance, to Senator Cutting of New Mexico, whose fight in Congress resulted in a more liberal tariff law relating to the importation of books. It should also go to the National Council on Freedom from Censorship, which successfully opposed federal efforts to confiscate *Contraception.* It is incorrect, however, to assume that the decision relates to circulation of information on birth control. Apparently *Married Love* will circulate freely. It has been declared free of taint under the statutes applying to indecency. The other book is also purged of indecency, but it still faces the strict provisions of the law against dissemination of birth control information. It will almost certainly be barred from the mails. Its transmission by express is, at the moment, possible but a court decision on this point may be expected.

Meanwhile, another appeal for liberal birth control information has been published, in *American Medicine,* by Dr. Abraham J. Rongy, chairman of a New York committee on health education. He believes this should be a main objective of the medical profession. Its use would save untold misery and disease. As it is, Dr. Rongy estimates that 1,000,000 criminal operations are performed annually in the United States and that about $100,000,000 is paid by the American women for this "service" at the hands of the medical profession. There is, of course, a link between this and the laws against the spread of contraceptive agencies, laws which he calls "barbarous and absurd," offensive to "enlightened public opinion." But the doctors have heard all this before; they do not seem to be deeply moved.

➤➤*Answer Yes or No*

Q. I show you, Emperor Haile Selassie, the bill for your coronation. I ask you to state to the committee whether this enormous expenditure was justified during a period when, although conditions are fundamentally sound, there is widespread unemployment and suffering.

A. Well . . . er . . . you see . . .

Q. We'll take that up later. I now show you an expense account filed by Colonel Hubert Julian of New York, your personal aviator. I ask whether you authorized this account at a time when the world economic situation has blighted, although only temporarily, the prosperity of our fair country?

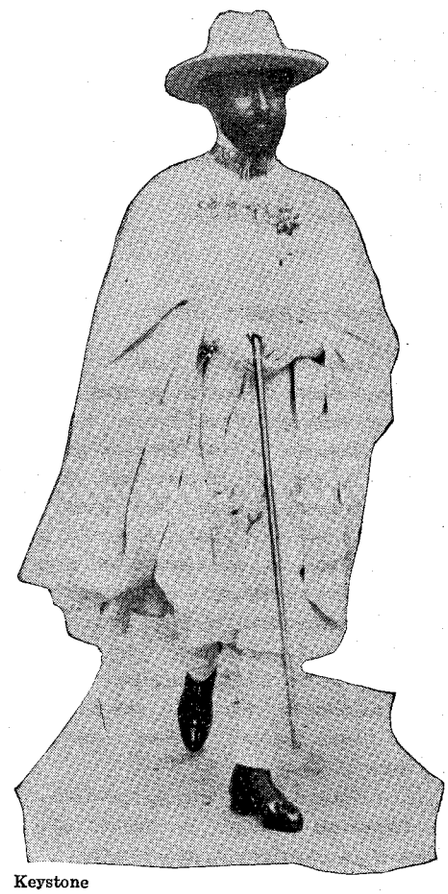
A. Well . . . er . . . you see . . .

Q. Is it or is it not true, Conquering Lion of Judah, that you favor prohibition, the Farm Board, a debt moratorium and a tariff for revenue only?

A. Well . . . er . . . you see . . .

This conversation, imaginary but not fantastic, is suggested by word from Abyssinia that Emperor Haile Selassie is to grant constitutional government to his subjects. The "Conquering Lion of Judah," as the Emperor is called, announced last week that a two-chamber parliament and responsible ministers will be established and will carry out the will of the people. It is true that the throne will descend to the Lion's oldest offspring and that he will have a degree of control over elections to parliament. Nevertheless, this is a step toward democracy, and Emperor Haile Selassie may know a day of bitter regret.

A degree of personal danger, no doubt, attends the job of absolute monarch, but it must be a lot of fun. A constitutional monarch is constantly plagued by politics. Soon timidity will



Keystone

MAY THE PEOPLE RULE
His Majesty, Emperor Haile Selassie of Abyssinia

creep into the stout heart of the Conquering Lion. Soon parliamentary committees of investigation will have him on

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the witness stand and will question his every act. He will have to go to church, whether he likes it or not. He will be required to wear conservative clothes, to mingle only in the best circles. He will have to ask himself, before doing or saying anything: "How would this look in headlines?" To continue:

International

INNOCENCE
Jack Diamond beats the rap again

Q. Now, Emperor, please tell us whether your title, the Conquering Lion of Judah, is really justifiable?

A. Well . . . er . . .

Q. Answer Yes or No.

A. No.

▶▶*Apple-Knocker Jurors*

Jack Diamond, called "Legs" because of his one-time agility in escaping after stealing packages from trucks, was declared innocent of the charges against him by a jury of farmers and small-town merchants at Troy, New York. He had not, said the jury, tortured one Grover Parks in an attempt to extort information regarding a competing still. He had, concluded the jury, been at Albany when the incident occurred. So "Legs" was acquitted, and the crowd of rural sightseers who had invaded the court room cheered another American celebrity.

The Diamond case was not particularly important. "Legs" is totally unimportant, as a criminal, as a racketeer, as a figure in the underworld. He has been notoriously unsuccessful. His chief claim to fame seems to be an amazing constitution, which has withstood several attempted assassinations. If neither skillful nor powerful, Diamond is, at least, the most perforated of all gangsters.

Why was he turned loose? At the moment, the authorities are investigating rumors that the witnesses who testified regarding his alibi perjured themselves. Certainly the defense evidence was flimsy in the extreme. The significance of the case rests on refutation of the theory that rural jurors, hard men and unsentimental, would make short work of the city slicker. This, long before the Diamond trial, had been part of the American credo. "Legs" believed it; he was decidedly nervous over the probability of a conviction. The public believed it; when "Legs" first deserted New York because it was getting too uncomfortable and transferred his activities to the region of the Catskills, it was said that he had made a serious tactical mistake.

But country jurors are evidently identical with city jurors. "Legs" "beat the rap" again. A discouraged prosecutor is wondering whether other indictments, leading out of the same case, will stand up any better.

▶▶*The Second Week*

Now for the second week following the Franco-American war-debt accord. The first emphasized the fact that President Hoover's moratorium plan was by no means enough to save Germany from financial chaos. Conditions in Germany went from bad to worse; the German banks were materially weakened, the confidence of the German people was lowered, that of foreign investors almost lost. Germany was never in such need of credit from abroad, never so far from getting as much as she needed.

As far as Germany's internal situation was concerned, the second week brought no improvement over the first. It did bring attempts to patch up the emergency. It opened with three conferences in prospect—the July 17 meeting in Paris of the Young plan signatories intent on settling questions raised but not settled in the Franco-American agreement; the July 18 and 19 meeting in Paris of the German and French Premiers, and the conference of the major European powers which began in London on July 20. The Young plan signatories met and immediately adjourned, with the view of another session following the London conference. The Franco-German conference was held but no agreement was reached as to how Germany could provide the political guarantees demanded by France in return for financial assistance. Presumably these guarantees include, among other things, the abandonment by Germany of the Austrian customs union project and a pledge to keep hands off the Polish boundaries, which Germany desires to change.

Meanwhile, President Hoover had announced that the United States would attend the conference at London and had instructed Secretary Stimson and Mellon to proceed thereto. Mr. Hoover said that American attendance was based on the "understanding that the conference is limited to questions of the present emergency." Even so limited, the conference, in session at this writing, faces Gargantuan tasks. Whatever may be done at London, the second week did not provide Germany with credit or definite plans for securing the credit.

▶▶*A Door Closed*

On November 30, 1921, Edward L. Doheny transmitted to Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall $100,000 in cash. When Doheny was brought to trial, the jury ruled that he had not bribed Fall in return for the Elk Hills naval oil reserve lease in southern California. But Fall, said another jury, had accepted the bribe and on November 1, 1929, he was sentenced to a year in the penitentiary and a fine of $100,000. Such are the mysteries of the law, or the jury system. Such are its delays; almost a decade has passed since the "little black bag" of horrid memory passed from Doheny's son, now dead, to the Secretary of the Interior.

The Boston Herald

"Gimme!"

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At last, Fall is in jail. He is an old man, apparently in bad health. Since he accepted the $100,000, which was or was not a bribe, the President who was his friend has died, Mr. Coolidge has been elected to the Presidency in his own right and has retired. In addition, Mr. Hughes has become Chief Justice of the United States and Mr. Hoover, who also sat at the Cabinet table, is in the White House. "I never dreamed," wrote Fall, in a series for the North American Newspaper Alliance as he prepared to go to jail, "that ten years later one of those former cabinet members [Mr. Hoover, at the Harding tomb dedication] would have indirectly hinted . . . . that several of Harding's closest friends—by inference . . . . myself — had 'betrayed' Harding's trust . . . . "

Doheny did not go to jail. Harry F. Sinclair did; for six months on a technicality. The doors of the penitentiary which clanged behind Fall at Santa Fe, New Mexico, marked the end, perhaps, of the story of oil, of the leases which, said the Supreme Court, were "shot through with fraud and corruption." The papers of Warren Harding, once deposited in the Library of Congress, have been burned. Fall is the only major figure to be punished.

Even when they are aroused, the American people have small capacity for vengeance, and, after ten years, they are not greatly interested in Fall. They were not in the least aroused over the oil scandals. It is a case which historians of the future, seeking truth from the sparse evidence which remains, will ponder. If anything, it proves only that Americans condone corruption in high places. They overwhelmingly retained in power the party which had been responsible.

Remarkable Remarks

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on Page 416.

After eleven years in the House of Representatives I am prepared to state emphatically that the so-called Legion lobby is a myth and that its influence is infinitesimal. — REPRESENTATIVE HAMILTON FISH, JR.

E. H. Frost, Pippin Hill, Route 5, Hendersonville, N. C., $5 prize.

In the old days a faithful public servant was pensioned on half pay at the age of 70. Now the boys retire at 35 with everybody's pay.—"BUGS" BAER.

W. F. Crawl, 723 S. Fairfax St., Alexandria, Va., $2 prize.

One year at Harvard destroyed my mind, which up to that time had been a source of pride to my parents, though not much use to me.—OGDEN NASH.

Miss Imogene G. Genguagel, 3945 Bryant Ave., S. Minneapolis, Minn., $2 prize.

Kissing is the result of two sets of emotional cellular vibrations which attract each other and become harmoniously merged into a rich chord of contact.—DR. JOSIAH OLDFIELD.

Ray W. Frohman, 1181 West 36th St., Los Angeles, Cal., $2 prize.

Our romance will last forever and ever and even longer.—RUDY VALLEE.

F. M. Wagner, 3901 N. Richmond St., Chicago, Ill., $2 prize.

We intend to have children.—MRS. RUDY VALLEE.

C. M. Littlejohn, 2523 Juneau St., Seattle, Wash., $2 prize.

Romance and adventure! A business man lives it from morning till night.—MERLE THORPE.

Millard F. Bowen, 117 Tennessee Ave., Washington, D. C., $2 prize.

Being a woman has always been the most arduous profession that any human being could follow . . . . To be a man is a simple proposition. It requires no particular gift nor talent nor special technique. He has only to be as nature made him, and if nature didn't turn out a job that was anything to brag about it doesn't matter. He is still a man.—DOROTHY DIX.

Tena Herndon, Hugo, Oklahoma, $2 prize.

There are many days when I would gladly exchange places with my laundress.—MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.

Mrs. S. Hugh Brown, Box 246, Crockett, Texas, $2 prize.

The most delightful association with people comes when you use the river for the morning face wash and the woods for a living room.—RUTH BRYAN OWEN.

Mrs. Nettie Stiver, Ingomar, Ohio, $2 prize.

▶▶ *Delay in Navy Building*

FOR MONTHS it has been apparent that the United States was not building its navy up to the limits allowed in the London treaty ratified by the Senate on July 21, 1930. The first anniversary of this ratification found that, while the United States was not building its quota, Great Britain and Japan—to say nothing of France and Italy—were going ahead with theirs. During the year, it seems, we did not authorize the construction of even one ship of the types covered in the treaty; at the present we are constructing eleven ships and contracting for the construction of eleven more, but these are all part of pre-treaty programs.

The big-navy men can be depended upon to put these facts to use this fall in attempts to secure generous appropriations from Congress. Yet two factors will stand in their way. There is, first of all, the conflict, as far as Congress and the public are concerned, between construction of war vessels and participation in disarmament conferences. Many people are quite unable to square the one with the other, probably because they confuse disarmament with limitation. Yet so far as this conflict exists, it is the creation of the big-navy men who pushed themselves into control of the conferences. Had these men allowed control to have gone, as properly, to the diplomats there would be less distrust of their efforts today. Then, there is the depression. Naval experts have estimated that the cost of building up to the treaty is nearly $1,000,000,000, an impossible sum for hard times. It is doubly so now that Mr. Hoover is pushing plans for another "disarmament" conference while building up the theory that hard

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times are really the result of world-wide arms expenditures.

Everything considered, the navy lobbyists may get but a small part of what they want. Probably their strongest argument is that, since Japan is building to her treaty limit, it is necessary for us to build to ours in order to be able to defend the country against Japan. That was the fundamental philosophy expressed in the London conference, yet, with all the technical wranglings, its validity is yet to be proved. The editors of the OUTLOOK are convinced that the strength of the American navy should be such that it would be as dangerous for the United States to attack another major power as for another power to attack us.

▶▶*The Cry of the West*

TWO MAJOR FACTS lie beneath the welter of farm news. The first and least novel is that the farm aid movement will be revived when Congress convenes in December. This would seem probable merely from the number of wheat farmers, their power at mid-western polls and their despair at the price of wheat, now in the fifty cent level, with the farmer often getting but half of that. It seems fairly certain now that a project involving a moratorium on private and governmental loans to the farmers is being fashioned by Senator Capper of Kansas and Vice-President Curtis who, incidentally, is undecided whether 1932 will find him seeking reëlection or another Kansas senatorship. The Capper-Curtis project is generously supported in the Kansas environment but a little wrangling may shunt it toward a debenture. In any case the general movement for the farmer has gained enough headway to carry on into Congress. For instance, The Kansas City *Star*, once a great Hoover journal, now maintains that, "if the United States can relieve Germany of $250,000,000 in debts for a year, the government can afford to pay $60,000,000 to hold back its wheat." Although this doctrine is admittedly despised in Administration circles, nevertheless it is spreading quickly through the West.

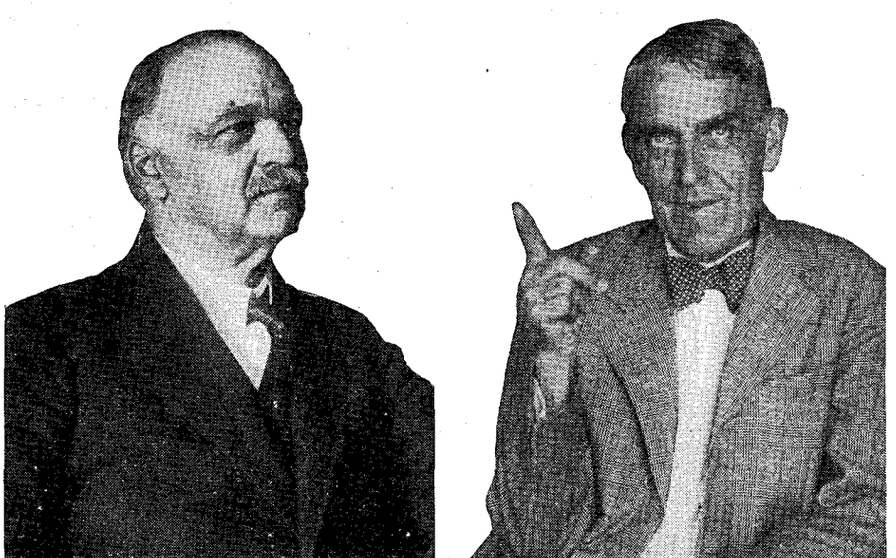
The second fact, the fairly novel one, lies in the impossibility of keeping the farm aid movement from injuring the Administration at Washington. Every SOS for the farmer emphasizes the failure of the Farm Board, the Administration's $500,000,000 pet. A bow to the farmers now means a direct slap at the Farm Board, hence an indirect one at the Administration. Unfortunately for Mr. Hoover, some of the Republican Senators and Representatives who find it politically wise to curtsey to the farmers are the very ones who gloat over a chance to slap at him. Needless to say, the two Houses have many Democrats who will gladly bedevil Mr. Hoover even if they are not personally dependent upon the farm vote.

Yet who is there to say that the turning of the farmers against Mr. Hoover now, and while Congress sits, will result in their voting against him in 1932? Certainly not any one who recalls the aroused farmers of 1928. There they were at Kansas City, parading up and down the Republican convention hall, chanting "We won't vote for Hoover." Four months later, they voted him to victory in every farm belt state.

▶▶*The Answer*

PRESIDENT HOOVER himself is not convinced that the farm revolt will amount to as little in 1932 as it did in 1928. In fact, he's worried about it. On July 18 he sent a telegram to Senator Capper, a telegram which entirely ignored the Capper-Curtis plan for a moratorium on American farm debts but generously praised the Hoover plan for a moratorium on European war debts. It was the Hoover answer to the farm belt's demand that he take care of the home folks as he had Germany. In it Mr. Hoover said that the plight of the wheat farmer was due in considerable part to the crisis in Central Europe and that, thanks to his moratorium, "the major problem in this connection has been solved." Thus, he concluded, much has been done for the wheat farmer.

This analysis raised a number of questions. Was not the fall of wheat prices caused by over-production of wheat, at home and abroad, rather than by the plight of Germany? Does not over-production continue at full blast and, in no way touched by the Hoover plan, does it not threaten to become greater? On the other hand, how does the Hoover plan come into the picture? Was it not conceived and supported to prevent German bankruptcy rather than to cure world-wide depression? And what has twisted it, a preventive, into a cure? Faced with these questions, Mr. Hoover seems to be unduly optimistic.



International

THE FARMERS' FRIENDS
Vice-President Charles Curtis and Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas

▶▶*In Brief*

NOW THAT A New York judge has held that "lousy" isn't libelous, it's quite a mean job to wait for the opening of the 1932 campaign . . . . At least Secretary Joslin can't pin the stealing of the Senate's snuff boxes on that old rascal who provided the White House news leak . . . . It is the stated conviction of James L. West that President Hoover is the outstanding figure in all the world—a conviction which must infuse considerable charm and interest into his job as the Republican party's principal press-agent . . . . The Prohibition Bureau's research organization will keep a record of types of people who drink, even though it could arrive at the same end, and greatly simplify its work, by keeping a record of types of people who don't.

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The Reparations Dilemma

FOR A CLEAR LIGHT on the basic difficulty in the whole dilemma of war reparations which the world faces once more, as the result of Germany's financial crisis, we recommend a perusal of one paragraph of Ramsay MacDonald's recent speech opening the London conference. "Let us admit," said he candidly, "first of all to ourselves and confess it in our conferences that there are some things which one or the other of us cannot do, because the public opinion to which we must be loyal will not allow it."

In other words, says Mr. MacDonald honestly, let us admit that though this is an economic problem which we face, we, nevertheless, are politicians and in the last analysis must treat this problem politically, because we have Parliaments to consider and cabinets to keep in office. Since the Armistice was dictated, this has been so. Since the Versailles Treaty it has been so. Through both the Dawes and the Young plans, it has been so. All the major conferences on reparations have been primarily meetings of political leaders to deal with what is basically, or ought to be, an economic problem.

The reasons for this, of course, are obvious. For though the problem of how much Germany shall pay and when is primarily an economic one, it is one that has been thrust upon a political corporation—Germany. Even the economic debt owed by Germany is in itself basically a political debt, arising out of the politics of the past. The fact that it is a debt which must be paid in money and that making money either by a nation or an individual is a problem in economics and not in politics cannot do away with the political factors which produced the whole business and which still distort it. For the debtor, Germany, is a political concern and economics cannot alter that fact.

Nowhere is the confusion arising from these two opposed facts more evident than in the position of the American delegates now in London. At the meetings there, Mr. Mellon, Mr. Stimson and Mr. Gibson will consider only the economic aspect of the present emergency, as Mr. Hoover has made clear to the world. The political difficulties of the matter, Mr. Hoover infers, are Europe's own business. Wherefore America will strictly mind her own business and allow all consideration of reopening the whole reparations question to remain absolutely in European hands. Since the present emergency is one that must be met quickly or not at all, the wisdom of such a course seems unquestionable. Money must be loaned to Germany and quickly. To go into the mixed political and economic factors which have produced the whole question would result in months of delay. For the whole reparations problem is unquestionably one of the most perplexing which civilization has ever faced. Wisdom limits the present conference to immediate relief for the hard-pressed debtor, lest he commit suicide.

Once this necessity for immediate action has been granted, nevertheless, the question of finding a solution for the whole problem rears its head more clearly than ever. For short-term credits soon come to an end, loans are quickly spent, moratoriums end with unhappy speed, and meanwhile the international business of the world remains in a state of suspense and uncertainty, which adds to no nation's trade recovery. Clearly the depression has thrown the Young Plan, figures and all, into the scrap heap. The rehabilitated German economic machine faces a business outlook quite different from that of 1929. The Dawes Plan, on whose workings it was based, was conceived in a different financial era. Interest on the loans which made this rebuilding possible, while reparations were also being paid with borrowed money, cannot be met as the lenders hoped. The value of money itself has altered, through the fall in prices of commodities. So that even leaving to one side the enormous losses of Germany through foreign exchange, the amount of reparations which she was to pay under the Young Plan has been increased. As a result the debtor to whom the Allies foolishly looked to pay the cost of the war is on the brink of bankruptcy.

Since this is so, common sense and common prudence now demand that this large fact of failure in solving the reparations question be recognized and the whole problem reopened on a strictly economic basis, wherefrom a practical solution may be found with which politics shall tamper as little as possible. Moratoriums and temporary expedients may keep Germany from bankruptcy but they will never restore business confidence or alter the price of world commodities, Kansas wheat or anything else. Is such a demand for a purely economic conference a counsel of perfection? In France it might be so considered, so convinced are the French that Germany is a nation which must be held in leash because she has a criminal tendency toward destroying the French nation. In Germany, it might be so viewed, since the Germans have never admitted that they fought anything but a war of defense and so are determined to pay as little as possible. But in the United States and to a great extent in Great Britain, such considerations do not obtain. Moreover, in the obligations which these two nations hold against the other Allies, lies a potent argument and a real weapon which holds in it the possibility of securing a solution in return for other potent considerations.

As Dr. Schacht has well said, the whole reparations question has now gotten down to a case of dicker. Well, what kind? Certainly we see no kind which does not include slicing war debts and reparations all round right now, or else extending the payments over a longer period of years, in the renewed hope that Germany alone can pay a reduced cost of the war in smaller instalments. Even this, as we see it, cannot be done unless American and British leadership forces an economic consideration of the question and insures a subsequent soft-pedalling of political tampering by the French and Germans. And in the present state of European disagreement, it will take strong men, with united nations behind them, even to accomplish so much.

Short of this, nevertheless, what is there? Moratoriums and short-term loans, unless followed by new plans, solve nothing in the business world. Why should they in the world of international finance? In our opinion, Americans who expect them to are over-optimistic. The whole question of reparations must be reopened and considered solely from an economic standpoint.

THE EDITORS.

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ALTHOUGH the President seems strangely indifferent to the agricultural crisis resulting from the fall in wheat prices, we are informed that it is the most serious threat to his whole Administration as well as to his effort to inaugurate a business recovery. Only within recent days has Mr. Hoover given any indication that he was cognizant of the suffering and hardship which the farmers of the West are undergoing, and the members of his farm board actually display an almost callous attitude toward the problem. With wheat tumbling daily to an unprecedented new low, Chairman James C. Stone fences and spars with the press, issues statements and formulates programs which have little meaning, and, in general, takes the position that the farmers have brought on their troubles themselves. He may be right in view of their refusal to heed his pleas to reduce acreage. Nevertheless, he sometimes lets himself in for the criticism that he is fiddling while the West burns up.

We find nobody who believes anything can be done that will perform a miracle in the wheat belt, now that the expenditure of millions of dollars in futile stabilization moves has done no good. Vice-President Curtis, now planning to seek his old seat in the Senate, and Senator Capper, a consummate politician, have gone through the motions of battling for the farmers, but in their hearts they know that nothing can be done, and privately they admit as much. In fact, after hanging around the Capital for several weeks and advertising in the press their sorrow, the two suddenly disappeared from the scene. What they were thinking of, I suspect, was votes rather than any real form of relief. Both men have let the farmer down before, as, indeed, have most of agriculture's political representatives. In view of their political strength, it is amazing that the farmers are left so lonely by the White House and the G. O. P. when clouds begin to gather. Next year, I hear, the West may reach the end of its patience, and, unless things improve, you will probably see a dozen states from Oklahoma to Minnesota slipping into the Democratic column.

Mr. Hoover, unfortunately, is too occupied with foreign problems to give much attention to the question of wheat. For some days it was impossible to interest him in it, I hear, and those who tried to talk wheat to him found him wholly absorbed in the matter of a moratorium. Indeed, his plunge into foreign affairs has, for the moment, quite transformed Mr. Hoover. It is a subject he understands and enjoys. He feels that he is directing great destinies, and that, as in the days of Belgium, he has recovered his grip. His new confidence shows in his manner and appearance.

Duffy—The Baltimore Sun

"Got an extra one of them moratoriums, mister?"

He hopes, too, that the outcome will be the gradual recovery of Europe, an improvement in the world's buying power, and, consequently, whirring wheels and plenty of jobs in the United States. If sometimes he grows gray and discouraged even in the midst of his great moments, it is due, no doubt, to his fear that recovery will not come in time to save him from defeat next year.

Despite his absorption in the international drama, his advisers eventually persuaded him to think in terms of wheat. And, as so often happens, Mr. Hoover again fell into the error of mistaking statements for statesmanship. There was his denunciation of short sellers which, as so many critics have noted, did not take into consideration more basic reasons for the plight of the farmer.

Even more inexcusable, in neutral observers' opinion, was his apparently artificial arrangement for an exchange of condolences and congratulations with the canny Mr. Capper. Of course, as the President noted, European recovery will benefit the United States, but if there is one group of citizens who will get no direct benefit, it is the producers of wheat. The central countries of Europe, Germany and France in particular, have set up such tariffs and import regulations that it is unlikely they will ever again become a market for American wheat. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hoover's farm board has been preaching in season and out of season that our export market for grain has disappeared, and the only solution is for the farmer to reduce production to domestic consumption. How then, as Mr. Hoover so bravely tells the farmers, can the moratorium mean $1 wheat instead of the present price of twenty-five cents and less at local points of delivery!

Next to Mr. Hoover, perhaps, the most harassed man at the Capital is Mr. Curtis, and, next to him, is "Sunny Jim" Watson of Indiana, who has also professed great pity for the farmers. The Vice-President, despite all reports to the contrary, is about convinced that Mr. Hoover cannot be reëlected and he would like to break loose from the national ticket. He made that decision while out in Kansas a few weeks ago, but now that things have become worse, he learns that he may not be able to hold the state even in the senatorial contest. Kansas, the center of Populist and Greenback movements, is ready to follow another Bryan or Simpson if only to show its resentment against the Hoovers and Mellons. To be defeated in a mere fight for the Senate seat would be a sorry climax to Mr. Curtis's long but unimportant career; it would make a more dramatic exit if he went down while seeking the vice-presidency. Like a man ordering the flowers for his own funeral, poor "Charley" does not care to go out with nothing to show but bedraggled bouquets; he wants the best the nation can afford. Similarly "Jim" Watson. Like Curtis, he fears defeat in a statewide battle, and so, despite his protests to the contrary, aspires to the vice-presidential nomination. It is an odd situation—both men planning to go out, if go they must, through the best and biggest door the political temple provides. Mr. Hoover ought to be honored by their unselfish solicitude.

A. F. C.

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▶▶ Reno the Wicked ◀◀

The American Capital of Divorce and Gambling

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

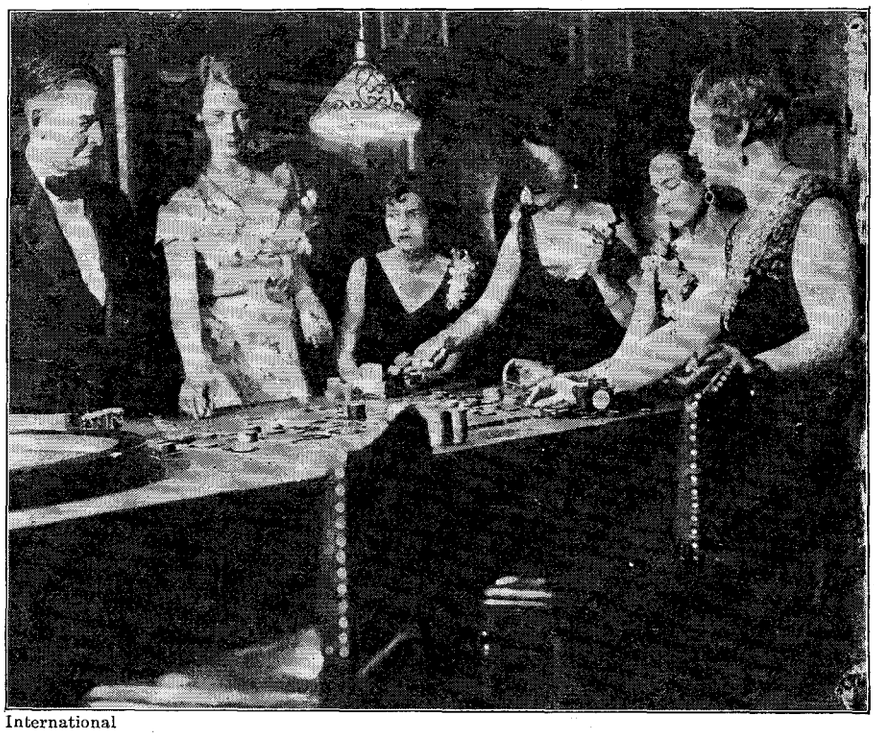
THE Riverside Hotel in Reno, Nevada, is invariably described as "smart" or "swanky" or "ultra-fashionable" in the local newspapers; which means that the élite of the divorce trade register there. It is a good enough hotel, somewhat better and more expensive than the average city of 20,000 is able to support. On the afternoon of July 2, its lobby was crowded with men and women described by the local reporters as "smart," "swanky" and "ultra-fashionable." Among them, observing and being observed, was Jim Tully, whose hobo past is an important asset of his prosperous present. Tully, lounging in one of the settees, turned to Wilson Mizner of Hollywood, a reputed wit.

"This scene we now witness, Wilson," said Tully, "is the last we will ever behold in our prohibition-ridden nation. Here are women as lovely as dawn in Ireland and as beautiful as a May morning."

If Mizner had an appropriate reply, Tully did not record it, along with his own remarks, in the syndicated newspaper dispatch which he wrote that evening. The hobo litterateur was in Reno to cover the comic exhibition staged by Jack Dempsey as an historic prize fight between Paulino Uzcudun and Max Baer. It was to take place two days later, on July 4, and Tully's first dispatches described Reno as "the last stronghold of personal liberty in America."

"The prohis," he added, "may raid it, but they cannot take the love of freedom from the hearts of its citizens. It is possible that this is one of the larger states of the Union, although there may be less people in the entire state than there are in the city of Berkeley, California."

The visitor to Reno hears on every side this talk about personal liberty, freedom, the inalienable rights of man, the menace of moral legislation. Mayor E. E. Roberts has made innumerable speeches on the subject, including one or two from the pulpit. Sheriff E. Russell Trathen of Washoe County, where Reno is situated, has had almost as much to say. At the moment the Sheriff is excessively busy and cannot talk with visitors. He is attempting to find out how many gambling houses have evaded the payment of the legal license fee; their liberty-loving proprietors having demonstrated a lamentable tendency to short-change the county and state. On a visit to San Francisco not long ago, however, Sheriff Trathen testified to his pride in Reno and its new régime.



International

AND THE WOMEN GAMBLE, TOO,—IN RENO
A scene at roulette in "The Willows," an "ultra-fashionable" casino

"Thomas Jefferson," he said, "would feel more at home in Reno right now than in any other place. Nevada is the first state in the Union, in this day and age, to adopt states' rights. Legalize what the people want and you obtain better moral conditions in the community. Since the open gambling laws were passed, Reno has been a better city —Nevada a better state. The gambling is there, anyway, if the people want it—yes, and the bootlegging, too. I could go right out in San Francisco and find every kind of gambling game that's run legally in Reno. Only in Reno the games are running openly. They're not hypocritical about it."

So, too, Mayor Roberts. He ran for reëlection in March of this year, not long after gambling had been sanctified by law, and one of his suggestions was that tubs of liquor placed on every street corner would solve the prohibition problem. He felt that people would discover the evil of drinking too much. The Mayor, during his campaign, spoke at the Methodist church in Reno. He denied that thieves had flocked into the state. On the contrary, the crooked gamblers had fled to other states where they could work behind closed doors.

"There is always gambling everywhere, and so it had better be in the open," the Mayor insisted. "Then everybody can see for himself the utter futility of beating the game. Nevada is not to be condemned, but should be set at the very top of all the states."

The Rev. Dr. Alfred J. Case, the Methodist pastor in whose church Mayor Roberts spoke, may be offered as another testimonial writer for Reno. He denied with some heat the accusation of Dr. Clarence True Wilson of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, that Reno was "a threefold compound of Sodom, Gomorrah and perdition." This, said Dr. Case, was "just a forensic display of hot air." He pointed out that the town's churches were well attended, that the new liberty had no bad effect on the community generally.

In other words, Reno is working out another constructive experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose. But in all the discussion of Reno's lack of hypocrisy and in all the praise of this last frontier of liberty, there was one omission. Jim Tully, Sheriff Trathen and the Rev. Dr. Case have not, as far as I know, publicly endorsed Reno's "Crib," where 300 prostitutes work in eight-hour shifts throughout each twenty-four hours. This is not new. Nevada has long

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been the only state which sanctions vice. Mayor Roberts, although with noticeable lack of warmth, will privately maintain that segregation is the only logical way of dealing with the problem. Perhaps he is right; that, however, is not the point. The laws which, in most communities, attempt to eliminate prostitution are also "moral" laws. When Sheriff Trathen declared in San Francisco that "better moral conditions" resulted when "what the people want" was legalized, he did not mention prostitution. It was pleasanter to talk about Thomas Jefferson.

It is true that Reno believes in easy divorce, in legalized gambling and, possibly, in segregated districts for prostitution. But back of the speeches lies the fact that Reno is making money out of gambling and vice, and her citizens share the universal yearning for money. When other states threatened the divorce trade early this year, the state legislature promptly reduced the period required for residence to six weeks; and spokesmen for Reno began to talk more enthusiastically than ever about the wickedness and futility of stringent divorce. The desire for money was the motivation for the new divorce law, just as for gambling and prostitution. It is all quite understandable; within recent years Nevada has failed to share fully the Republican prosperity which blessed the country at large until the fall of 1929. Without the divorce colony, Reno would have been in a sad plight.

The history of Nevada has been a mixture of high excitement and prosperity alternating with low monotony and depression. The State came into the Union in 1864; not because her population was large enough to justify statehood, but because the reconstruction leaders needed two more Republican votes in the Senate. Until then the desert area which now forms Nevada had first been part of Utah territory and then a separate territory. The Forty-niners tramped across her, few of them stopping, on the way to California's gold. A little gold was found in Nevada in 1849, it is true, but the first great boom came with the discovery of the Comstock Lode in the western part of the State in 1859. This was a fabulously productive area. In 1877, alone, a total of $36,000,000 was mined. Then came a dropping off; silver, which existed in great abundance also, was falling in price, and the best of the gold had been taken. The state fell upon hard times between 1877 and 1900, until additional discoveries of gold and silver brought a new boom. Her population in 1860 was hardly 7,000, but had increased to 42,000 within a decade. By 1910, there were 81,000 people in Nevada. The 1930 census gave a population of 91,058.

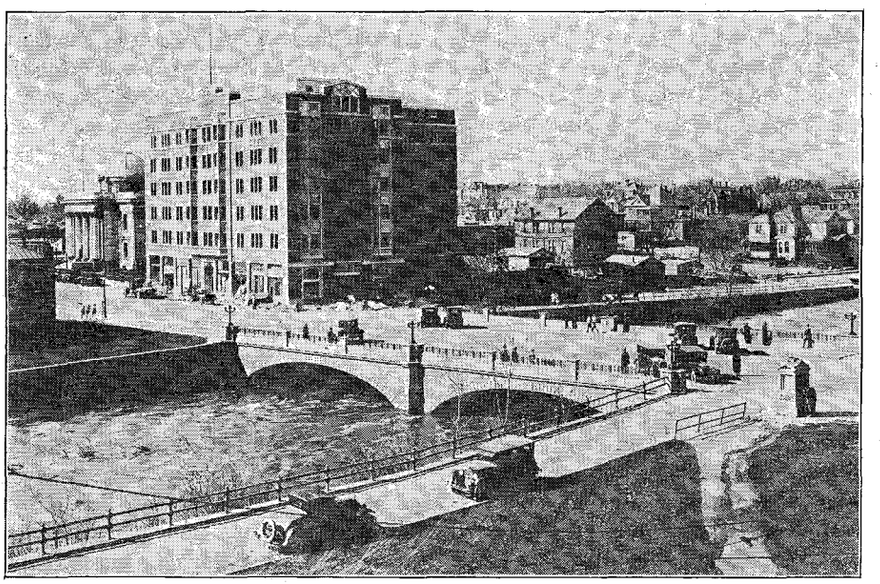
Keystone

THIS GAME NEVER CLOSES

So says the sign on the wall of a Reno gambling house which opened when gambling was legalized. The old days of the Wild West have come again

Prosperity, however, did not last. Within recent years, Nevada has been increasingly a stock-raising state. Her agriculture has consisted, to a large extent, of hay and other crops for forage. Within the last ten years the combination of unusually dry weather and bad conditions generally in the cattle business have added to Nevada's woe. Reno, alone, continued to flourish. Named in honor of a Civil War general, Reno had been discovered as the city where residence of six months was adequate for a divorce. Moreover, the grounds upon which a decree would be granted were extremely liberal. The applicant could specify "extreme cruelty," neglect, desertion, or any of a half dozen other reasons why the bonds of matrimony should be dissolved. They were all accepted. Reno was not only famous; it received a very nice income from those who were "taking the cure." The business area expanded. New hotels were built. Little shops where the ultra-fashionable could obtain ultra-fashionable clothes came into being. No one knows, of course, just how much money all this brought in. It has been estimated at $4,000,000 a year.

In February of this year, however, a



Ewing Galloway

THE DIVORCE SEEKER MAY LIVE NEXT THE COURTHOUSE

Reno is like most other cities of 20,000 in appearance. This picture shows the Hotel Riverside next door to the Washoe County Court House, where divorce papers are filed

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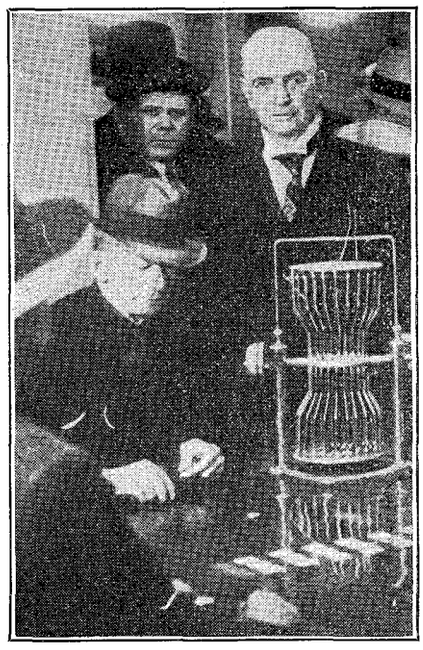
member of the Arkansas legislature introduced a bill which would limit the residence required for a divorce in that State to ninety days. The wildest debate followed its introduction. Ministers and organizations of women thundered against it, but the bill was passed and signed by Governor Parnell. News of it must have been received with gloom and foreboding along Virginia Street in Reno, the main business thoroughfare. It must have dismayed the operators of gambling houses, running at that time without legal sanction, and the owners of speakeasies. Meanwhile, in Idaho, a virtually identical divorce measure was being rushed through the legislature. Governor Ross vetoed this ninety-day divorce law and suffered the humiliation of having it passed over his head by both houses. The gloom in Reno became black indeed. Boise, the capital of Idaho, would be a pleasant enough place to spend three months while waiting for a divorce; as pleasant as Reno, in any event. Hot Springs in Arkansas was far more attractive. Reno saw the spectre of $4,000,000 vanishing.

The Nevada legislature, in session at Carson City while much of this was going on, was equal to the emergency. Ninety days? Nevada would give proof of her belief in liberal divorce, her detestation for laws which forced the unhappily married to remain together and thereby create discordant homes and probably encourage immorality. She would enact a law permitting divorce in six weeks. It was promptly done. No one dared to speak against the bill, which was passed virtually without opposition, expressed or unexpressed. Moreover, various attractive features were added which Idaho and Arkansas had not, apparently, thought to establish.

The old six-months law required residence within the county in which the application for divorce was filed. If you began in Reno, you finished there. You got pretty well bored with the town before the term was over. The new law merely requires residence within the limits of the state. You can begin in Reno, journey over to Lake Tahoe, provided you do not go into California. A visit to Hoover Dam down near Las Vegas can be included in the program. The applicant can obtain the final decree in any county. It was suggested, while the bill was pending, that the Chamber of Commerce or some other body might well organize tours of the state. These would last six weeks. At the end of the tour the divorce would be ready. This will not be done, officially, this year. There seems to be nothing, however, to stop any one from going on such a trip; unless it is the fact that most of Nevada is decidedly unattractive.

Having vanquished thus overwhelmingly the states which presumed to interfere with her monopoly of liberal divorce, Nevada made plans to eliminate competition for all time. The same session of the legislature repealed the edict against gambling. The state would become the Monte Carlo of America, her boosters insisted. She would be the home of those who really loved liberty. Thousands would flock to the state, not only for divorce but to enjoy the pleasures of gambling where gambling was legal. As far as state authorities were concerned, they could also enjoy the refreshments of her innumerable speakeasies. Nevada ratified the Eighteenth Amendment and passed a state enforcement act. It was soon repealed, though, and not a single member of the legislature could be found this year who would



LEGALIZED GAMBLING
Mayor Roberts (without hat) has his picture taken in front of the "bird cage" in a gambling house

endanger his political future by introducing a new measure. It is undoubtedly true that public sentiment is opposed to state assistance in enforcement.

The dawn of the new liberty finds Reno enjoying the outward appearance of unprecedented prosperity. Her streets are thronged. Her hotels are jammed. The crowds reached their peak just before July 4, when Dempsey, wearing the mantle of Tex Rickard, staged the Uzcudun-Baer boxing match and attracted some 20,000 additional visitors to Reno. In his office at the City Hall Mayor Roberts receives visitors graciously and holds forth on the sincerity and lack of hypocrisy which run riot in Nevada and Reno today. He says

(Continued on Page 402)

Keystone

THE RUSH TO PLAY FARO KEEPS FIVE DEALERS BUSY
Gambling in Reno is legal all right — in fact the sign on the wall in the upper right reads "Police Hold-up Alarm"

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Screen Crime *vs.* Press Crime

By WALTER B. PITKIN

"I DID it in my best film manner," writes a half-wit murderer who recently killed a New York City policeman in cold blood. A loud cry arises against Hollywood and its habit of making pictures of perverts, morons, feebleminded, and other underworld types. Then arises that alert veteran of the screen, Carl Laemmle, and makes the retort courteous. He suggests that, before the critics ban crime pictures, they had better get after the crime-flaunting newspapers. He passes the blame to the tabloids in particular. What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. As long as the press floods its pages with minute accounts of how thugs crash in the skulls of their victims, he infers, the self-righteous public cannot fairly berate Hollywood for its pictures of the underworld.

Laemmle's retort is more courteous than logical. Yet it demands a thoughtful answer. We cannot dismiss it merely by calling attention to the fact that it resembles the efforts of an old fox to throw the hunters off the scent by crossing the trail of a younger fox. We do not allow one murderer to escape indictment on the ground that we have not yet caught and punished an earlier murderer for another crime. Absurd as such an attitude is, we must seek a fair reply to its underlying presupposition, which is that the movies and the tabloids must be dealt with together in all discussions of their debased exploitation of crime and other pervert stories.

This presupposition is all wrong. The difference between a crime story in a newspaper and the identical story on the screen is enormous, and I believe that failure to understand it has led to widespread befuddlement. Censorship and all other modes of social control can be settled only in terms of the social consequences of the acts to be controlled. Concerning these acts we must ask, first of all: "Who is injured?" Then: "How does the injury arise?" And, lastly: "How can it be best controlled without giving rise to further and graver injuries?" Observe and analyze the effects of screen and newspaper stories with care, and you will soon come upon startling contrasts.

The world of newspaper readers differs widely from the world of movie fans. Far more widely than has been suspected. I have discovered some of the larger differences in the course of rather extensive surveys of reading and movie habits during recent years. They surprised me as much as they may you. Look first at our army of illiterates. We

"The odds are fully ten to one that a girl who spends two hours a day poring over a wood pulp magazine is considerably brighter than one who never reads but spends all her time in the movies"

have more than 12,000,000 of them. (*Long and loud applause.*) Not one of them ever read a newspaper. But every mother's son of them who can scrape up half a dollar now and then spends it on the pictures. In the main, these unlettered folk are pretty low-grade; and many are doubtless degenerates, feebleminded, or moron. Surely the percentage of inferiors among them must run much higher than among the literates. So this swells the ranks of the stupid, the suggestible and the vicious in the picture houses. Again, it is well known that children under twelve seldom read newspapers; they merely look at the comics. True, they look at the tabloids somewhat more than at the old-style bedsheet papers; but here again, it is the pictures that attract them, not the stories. On the other hand, where do you find a more avid movie fan than the typical ten-year-old? Here, then, we find a movie public of perhaps 14,000,000 between six and twelve inclusive, of whom fully 10,000,000 live within range of a picture show and have funds for occasional visits. As newspaper readers, they fall out of our reckoning; but as movie fans, they constitute one of the most important single groups.

Now we come to a group which has never been duly appreciated. These are the semi-literates. I define them as persons who have been taught to read simple passages slowly but have, for one reason or another, never advanced beyond the stage at which reading is laborious and somewhat unpleasant. By hook or by crook, most of them have struggled through the fifth grade at school. Teachers pass them along, just to be rid of them. Released from the obligation to stand up and stumble through a page of large type and little words, they go forth resolved to read no more than they have to. Sometimes they manage to get through 175 simple words per minute; but usually they hover around 125 to 140. (A bright twelve-year-old will run up to 270 or even 300.)

How many semi-literates have we? On the basis of reading tests given to all sorts of people all over the country, we may estimate, rather roughly, that there are between 12,000,000 and 18,000,000. I take, for simplicity's sake, 15,000,000 as a respectable approximation here. This group is the poorest 25 per cent of all literate adults and sub-adults. It represents also the group to which pictorial news appeals powerfully, whether in tabloid or in respectable Sunday rotogravure. For it is so much easier to read a picture than to read language!

This immense segment of our total citizenry contains all sorts and conditions of people. It cannot be covered by any broad characterization. Thus, it embraces millions of motor-minded individuals whose abilities are very high; to them, language is speech, not reading matter; it is personal and active, not abstract and general. Not a few executives are of this type. Again, we find thousands of people cursed with minor eye defects which rob reading of ease and joy. Could we deduct all such from the total, how many would remain whose mentality would appear distinctly inferior? Alas, there is no way of shaping an estimate. The best we can say is that certainly many millions of semi-literates must be poor minds. They are the sort who cannot advance beyond the grammar grades into high school. This herd turns joyfully to the pictures.

LASTLY we come to an abnormal mental class, the hypersensitives and the hypersuggestibles. These unfortunates are of every intelligence level, from low-grade moron up to near-genius. They appear in every cultural group, as well as in all income classes. The hypersensitives respond too strongly to sights and sounds. The hypersuggestibles are moved too easily to action by whatever hint or command comes to them. Not all hypersensitives are hypersuggestible, of course, but many are. Both classes may be held down to something like normal

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living simply by protecting them against either strong stimuli or exciting ideas. They need only serene thoughts.

How many such Americans are there? I haven't any idea, nor has anybody else, so far as I can discover. All we know is that there are altogether too many. For they are the menace of American life; they yield to hysterias, fanaticisms, and crimes of bloodshed. One thing we do know about them, however—the printed word inflames them less readily than does a picture, and a silent picture unbalances them far less easily than does a talking picture. This follows the general law of "psychic intensity," which must be briefly explained. Failure to grasp it prevents a thorough understanding of the entire social issue we are discussing.

What makes one impression more intense than another? Simply *the quantity of stimulus-response per unit of time*. The quantity is strictly measured in terms of kinetic energy, which often eludes the investigator. One light is more intense than another in so far as more energy quanta per second reach and affect the retina. One sound is more intense than another in so far as more energy of moving air pulsations impinge upon the tympanum. Thus all the way up to the enormously complex systems of energy which constitute our total impressions of a motion picture or a news story. It isn't simply energy-time quantum that reaches the nervous system, but rather that which sets up a response. One person responds more vigorously than another to a color or to a melody, because of differences in the response phase. The intense response is, like the stimulus, also an energy-time event; more things happen per instant of consciousness in the person who testifies to the more intense experience.

Now, viewed merely as stimuli for the moment, a printed word has low intensity, a spoken word has much more, a printed picture on a page has considerably more than the word, a silent movie has enormously more than a "still," and a talking picture has higher intensity than any other known medium of communication. Indeed, it approaches the intensity of real-life situations. How so? Simply because, in any second during its performance, it hurls at eye and ear far more units of sight and sound, of gesture and language, of action and reaction than any weaker medium. This is proved simply by counting details. Try it for yourself. How many things do you take in at a glance, as you look at a statue? As you read this line of type? As you listen to a bar of music? As you eye a painting? As you watch a silent movie? Fully ten times as many as through any form of language or speech.

Do you doubt this? Then try a simple experiment. Have somebody show you a new picture full of details—such as a landscape or a street scene—for precisely one second. Now relate all that you took in. Next write down all that you saw. How long does it take to write or to tell that little experience of only one second? Perhaps thirty seconds, or sixty, or even a full hundred, according to the picture's wealth of detail. Make a similar comparison of what you see by looking at a "still" photograph for five seconds and what you take in of a talking picture in the same time. The intensity of the latter will amaze you. Perhaps you will now understand the peculiar potency of the new art.

Here is the secret of the pictures' terrific power over hypersuggestibles. One minute before the screen excites them more than a week of reading crime stories. The difference is exactly like that between taking a sip of near-beer and gulping down a tumbler of raw rum. One evening spent in looking at a talking picture like *Underworld* gives these particular citizens more information about the ins and outs of crime than a week of patient study under Al Capone. It also thrills infinitely more than any formal lesson conveyed through talk or reading.

Now, this same "psychic intensity" excites all eye-minded spectators far more than that of other media of art. For it follows a universal law of the mind. Hence it is all wrong to regard a crime story in the newspapers as on a par with the identical story on the screen. For the latter exerts a unique influence over the 12,000,000 illiterates, over the 10,000,000 semi-literates, over the 15,000,000 children who do not read newspapers, and over the unknown army of hypersensitives and hypersuggestibles from whom many criminals are probably drawn. In brief, we have in America fully 37,000,000 people (and maybe far more!) whom newspapers reach seldom or never. These same people constitute the bulk of our movie fans; they attend the pictures more frequently than our superior classes. From the screen they derive nearly all of the joy, the excitement, the sexual thrill, and the underworldly wisdom which

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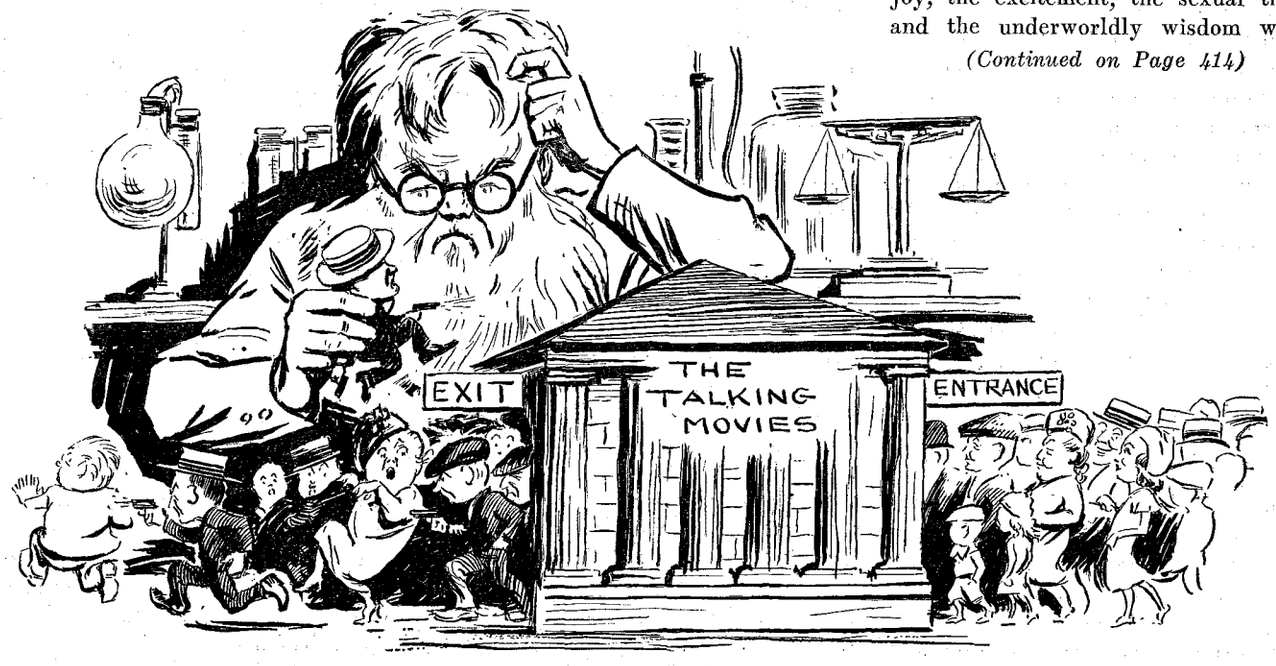

ONE MINUTE BEFORE THE SCREEN EXCITES THEM MORE THAN A WEEK OF READING CRIME STORIES

Professor Pitkin estimates that America has 37,000,000 persons who get their thrills and knowledge from the movies. One evening at a crime movie gives them more knowledge of crime than they could learn in a week of patient study under Al Capone

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Reparations and Isolation

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

O. HENRY in one of his stories describes the tactics which a small boy must adopt when he spies a stray cat on the backyard fence and a brickbat of convenient size lying a few feet away. The boy will have no scruples about what he should do, but to succeed he must feign ignorance of the cat's presence and pretend also not to see the brickbat as he slowly edges his way toward it. That describes fairly well the attitude which the American government has taken in past years toward the reparations question, which, because of its close connection with the Allied war debts to the United States, has had a way of perching persistently on our backyard fence.

We have taken no official cognizance of the reparations problem, although we sidle up very close to it by accepting a goodly amount of the payments after Germany has placed them in the Bank for International Settlements to the credit of France, Great Britain, Italy, Belgium and a few lesser countries, and they in turn have paid most of the proceeds to their war creditors.

The reparations cat sits there as we get the money, but we pretend not to see it. Our State and Treasury Departments have always insisted that there is no connection whatever between German reparations and the war debts. When General Dawes and his associates went overseas in 1924 to coöperate with the European experts in untangling the reparations snarl and helping Germany to regain her solvency, our State Department called on Heaven to witness that this was none of its doing. Again, when Owen D. Young and his associates went to Paris in 1929 to revise the Dawes plan and lighten the German burden, the Administration took pains to tell the world that the Americans were acting only as private citizens and that the American government was in no way involved. When the Young plan was adopted the United States was, of course, not a signatory, although it was scheduled to receive about $16,000,000 a year as its share of the German payments.

The American government in its desire to maintain its isolation negotiated a separate agreement with Germany whereby this sum was to be paid directly by the Reich without even passing through the Bank for International Settlements. Furthermore, to avoid any suspicion of European "involvement," the Administration strained a point of law by proclaiming in 1929 that no officials of the Federal Reserve System would be permitted "to serve themselves, or to select American representatives, as members of the proposed International Bank." This pronouncement was made in spite of the fact that the Federal Reserve Banks are not government institutions and that no government official had any legal right to forbid their cooperation in the organization and direction of the new bank.

Official nervousness over the possibility of new European commitments seemed to reach its climax at the meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce in Washington, early last May. The two matters uppermost in the minds of the delegates as they gathered at the American capital were the world depression and the disturbing effects of the war debts. President Hoover delivered the opening address. The same old cat was sitting on the fence, but the President adhered to the rule and pretended not to see it. He mentioned overproduction and underconsumption as contributing to the world-wide economic disturbance, but cited as the fundamental causes of the trouble the growing tax burdens and the insecurity incident to the maintenance of armaments against the possibility of another war. In one way or another intimations were conveyed to the delegates that any extended discussion of the inter-government debts or any action by the Chamber on this subject would be extremely displeasing to the Administration.

Yet in spite of all the efforts of the Administration's friends to divert the discussion into other channels, the debt and reparations questions kept bobbing up with demands that the Chamber take some action on the matters which most delegates regarded as of major importance. The outcome was a resolution which declared that the integrity of international obligations "is always fundamental to the maintenance of industrial credit and the expansion of trade and industry," and then added that the observance of this principle "is not inconsistent with an impartial examination of the effects of these obligations on international trade, if warranted by changed economic conditions." This may mean much or little, according to the interpretation one chooses to place upon it. In any case, it conformed admirably to the O. Henry prescription for chasing away a cat while pretending not to see it.

But it was not long before the Administration's attention was called to the fact that the troublesome creature was again sitting on the backyard fence. The American ambassadors from Germany, Belgium and Great Britain were in Washington in consultation with the President in May and June, and their reports were said to have been none too roseate. On June 5 came President von Hindenburg's third emergency decree in less than a year, imposing new and heavier taxes and making further cuts in the salaries of the government's civilian employees in an effort to balance the budget. With this decree the government issued a manifesto intimating that Germany was at the end of her rope.

"The limit of the privations which we can impose on our nation has been reached," it declared, and it added that "the economic and financial situation of the Reich, which is menaced in the extreme, inevitably compels the relief of Germany from the intolerable reparation obligations. The economic recovery of the world is also involved." Soon after this came unmistakable evidence of the flight of both foreign and domestic capital from the country.

GERMANY under the Young plan has the right to proclaim a moratorium on her own initiative on the transfers of the conditional payments, but for her to have done this would undoubtedly have precipitated a panic on the European bourses with unfortunate repercussions in the United States. The second state would then have been worse than the first, and the countries to which Germany must look for financial assistance would have been unable to help her. The only way out seemed to be through some extraordinary method of relief, and the logic of events pointed more and more to the American government as the appropriate agency to take the lead. Representations to this effect began to reach Washington from various sources.

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▸▸ A Spanish League of Nations? ◂◂

By GEORGE RAFFALOVICH

EVEN before the new leaders of Spain have settled the question of provincial nationalism, they are turning to the economic expansion which is a necessity for them. Canada and the Soviet republics, not to mention Switzerland, show that civil autonomy and even different languages are quite consistent with a unified and steady economic and political part in world affairs. There are many who predict that Portugal will move closer to Spain, the link between them being Brazil and its untold wealth.

Going much further afield, Spanish writers are advocating a close coöperation with all South and Central America. They see economic salvation, peace and prestige in such a possibility. Since the Spanish intellectuals are also the political leaders, and since Latins all over the world respect intellect above other virtues, they will probably achieve a close union. What are we to see in it? We can admire Spain while she settles the Catalonian, Andalusian and other separatist movements with some formula that can preserve the dignity of each section without impairing the efficiency of the whole. She will then be freer to map out her path to progress. Will her progress hurt the rest of the world combines, and will it hurt the interests of the United States?

Progress requires expenditure. It necessitates also aggressiveness. Now, the only road of aggressiveness which Spain may take is that of economic expansion. Of course, we approve of that. Spain must advance or perish. To advance, the partisans of a Spanish Union explain, she must become a vast transshipping center, a traffic junction, and the link between South America and Africa, which Italy has not succeeded in becoming. Spain now has all the social, religious, geographical and linguistic trumps for that sort of leadership. The most logical move is a linking of her interests with those of Spanish and perhaps Portuguese America. Naturally this will affect the United States, their economic future, prestige and influence. We must look at the question with common sense, not with sentiment.

The republics of Central and South America had no liking for the average citizen of the United States they met; but they knew that the Monroe doctrine was a guarantee for them against European monarchies, including Spain. They had few reasons for preserving close relations with a monarchy that could not even retain its hold on Cuba. The intellectual relations were difficult also on account of the Spanish censorship and differences in ideals. Now, the Spanish-speaking countries are thrilled with pride in their new sister. They are already preparing for closer coöperation with the new leaders.

If the new leaders meet them half way, a Confederation of Iberian States may be formed. Spanish republicans cannot yet pretend to leadership in South America, but they must have and display every intention to work with Spanish nations everywhere for the benefit of all of them, their finances, their culture and the defence of their Latin ways against the rising tide of what they usually refer to as American dictatorial ways, which would be very hard to define. The main objections of the Latins are social and spiritual but they might be summed up in the following words: Ford, Prohibition, Y.M.C.A., Nicaragua, immigration laws and jazz. All these things are lumped in a much too general condemnation of the poor United States.

OF course, it was the Spanish monarchy that blasted the path to closer relations between Spain and Latin America. But the monarchy was always mistrusted by Latin America. The new régime starts with a clean slate and hopes to achieve results. The royal estate of Aranjuez, created with the money extracted from the South American colonies, was to be transformed and used as a Palace of the Race. Like the Hispano-American University at Seville, the idea of a former régime will be utilized by the new. But it began in 1920. In our joy at seeing another republic we shall soon forget when and how it did. In 1920, the *Alfonso XIII* visited Cuba and Porto Rico. A mission, led by the Infante don Fernando and Señor Franços Rodriguez, went to Chile to participate in the fourth centenary of Magellan. A little later, the cruiser *España* visited Peru. In November, the king publicly referred to the need for a commercial and financial entente between Madrid and Buenos Aires. The speech from the Crown on January 4, 1921, emphasized the desire of Spain for a closer economic and "spiritual" union. The trip of Señor Benavente to Latin America in 1923, the plan for the exportation of Spanish books, prepared by Señor Urgoiti, were likewise indications of a new tendency.

Keystone

ZAMORA
Leader of the New Spain

Unless Spain is to lose once and forever every hope of economic and intellectual recovery, this movement begun under the monarchy must acquire impetus. American exporters may well give a thought to several possibilities in the South American field. These various possibilities will depend on the orientation assumed by Spain and Catalonia. Whether the republic is radical, Socialist or Communistic, we may be sure that the Spanish tongue will carry its intensive propaganda throughout South America, and vice versa.

The Spanish republic will bring about a series of treaties, agreements, and public and private understandings leading to a very close coöperation and to a crystallization of joint efforts. Both in Latin America and at the League of Nations, a decided line-up is now probable, whereas it was more a possibility than an actual threat in the days of the monarchy. All the new efforts of Spain will tend towards a decrease of American and British leadership in Latin America. It is an old dream come true. The consequences are likely to place the United States in a situation that will require more intelligence and tact.

While Spain showed an inclination to claim leadership in an alliance of the Spanish-speaking countries, her voice met with little response. But as equal, as hostess, as a link in a perfected chain, she may well be received with open arms. The possibilities are tremendous. This is an age of cartels and economic unions. The new group will be based on

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Reno the Wicked

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that the number of gambling places has increased in a proportion of ten to one since they have been legalized. The clerks at the Washoe County Court House report that from 75 to 100 divorce applications are now being filed each week as compared with 20 to 25 under the old, rigid, six-months law. The speakeasies are flourishing, although they are occasionally forced to dim the more brilliant of their lights when unsympathetic Federal agents from San Francisco conduct unexpected raids. One of these occurred a few days before the fight, and large sums had to be deposited as bail so that bartenders and waiters could be on duty, in slightly darkened places, on the following night.

No one, least of all Mayor Roberts, has any apprehension that a wide-open town will bring an appreciable number of very undesirable characters to Reno. He agrees with Sheriff Trathen's statement that "even the gamblers aren't tough. That's just another business, after all." But less enthusiastic citizens of Reno are faintly worried. They did not relish the occasion in June when William ("Curly Bill") Graham, gambler and partner of Dempsey, shot it out in an alley with F. R. ("Blackie") McCracken, a faro dealer, and got his man. To Mayor Roberts, this was to be expected; it might, he said, "happen in any well-regulated town." To many a citizen, however, the whine of bullets was unpleasantly like Chicago.

His apprehensions increased when rumors spread that a gang of thugs had invaded the town and were planning to rob either the gambling places or the banks. Nor is it true that only a limited number of undesirables have flocked to Reno. I have never seen a town with so many beggars and peddlers on the streets. Unemployment, I was informed, was worse than it had been for years. The homeless were sleeping in the police station, in vacant lots, in freight cars in the railroad yards. A shiny new automobile, mounted on a truck parked on Virginia Street, was being raffled off to the fight crowds for "the relief of Reno's unemployed."

But the vast majority of Reno's citizens are well satisfied with the new régime, and her business men appear to stand unanimously behind open gambling and open prostitution. It is not uncommon for American business men to mistake surging crowds for prosperity. The merchant sees the influx. He knows that the thousands in Reno must be spending money. If they have not done so in his particular store as yet, he assures himself that they will do so soon.

"At the moment," a Reno journalist told me, "it would be suicide for any politician to say a word against gambling. No business man would be so foolish as to start any movement against it. They all think it will bring back the prosperity of the gold and silver days. It won't, but they think so."

Artistically, perhaps, it should be encouraged. Reno is different, very different, from the Middletowns of America, from the cities that are almost identical whether they are in New York or Texas or California.

This Week's Contributors

Henry F. Pringle is one of the editors of OUTLOOK who has been in the West for the last year, at work on a biography of Theodore Roosevelt which will be published late this year.

Walter B. Pitkin is a psychologist and Professor of Journalism in Columbia University. He was associate editor of the recent edition of Encyclopaedia Britannica. He has also been a story editor at Hollywood.

George Raffalovich is on the staff of Emory University, and a student of international affairs.

W. O. Scroggs is the OUTLOOK'S staff contributor on economics and business.

Jim McKay, Bill Graham and Ray Kendall are, probably, the "Big Three" among the gamblers of Reno. Before the legality of their profession was guaranteed by the legislature, they ran a place called the Bank Club. It was then situated in the basement. When the new law was passed, it moved upstairs, and now it has a frontage of fifty-five feet on one of Reno's main streets and perhaps half as much on a side street.

The Bank Club is a really enormous establishment, quite devoid of style, wholly drab and businesslike. In the front, as one enters, are two roulette wheels. Further on are dice tables. Along the wall are faro games. Immediately at the entrance is a "Wheel of Fortune," the game despised by regular gamblers, but popular among the lady guests. In the rear of the Bank Club are tables for poker. Charts on the wall announce the races, and bets can be placed there during the day. Keno facilities are provided. Indeed, no form of gambling common to the United States is missing. Some that have not been seen for years, such as chuck-a-luck, are provided. A license fee of $50 a month is imposed for each of the games, and no one knows yet what the returns—which go to the county and state but not to Reno—will be. Sheriff Trathen, with some difficulty, is trying to find out.

Nearly all the gambling places are in the general vicinity of the Bank Club, down near the Union Pacific station. From Virginia Street a narrow alley extends for a hundred and fifty yards, and this is lined solidly with stores transformed into such places as the New York Club, the Rex Club, the California Club, the Wine Club, and the Reno Club. Most of them have huge electric signs which burn from dusk until dawn. Miraculously, they all seem to be busy and, inside, their appearance is very much the same. The air is thick with smoke, and insufferably warm. The man at the craps table keeps up his singsong invitations. The roulette croupiers click the little ball around the rim of the wheel. The silence, considering the number of people jammed into these hastily organized gambling places, is extraordinary. Occasionally some one makes a remark, and his voice carries for several yards. No one, however, pays the slightest attention. At the faro table in one place—I think it was the Rex Club—a girl in a dress that was astonishingly tight across her hips watched carefully as the dealer pulled the cards off his stack. First she put down a silver dollar. It vanished. Then she put down two more. A few moments later I saw her with a handful of coins.

"Guess I won't go to work tonight," she said, and edged through the crowd to the door.

Anything goes. Fat old ladies timidly put nickels on the red and watch the roulette wheel nervously. Men toss down silver dollars, as though they were miners returned from the days of Nevada's glory. Sometimes they win. More often they lose, and step back to let others take their places at the tables. The proportion of women who play is rather large; they are at the poker tables, and they play keno. But most of them prefer roulette.

No minors, however, are admitted. Obviously they cannot be, for signs in all of the halls announce that their presence is illegal. If the boys and girls of Reno lust for gambling, however, their appetite is easily satisfied. In nearly every store in the town are five or six coin-in-the-slot machines.

No statistics are available, but it is probable that most of the money being spent in Reno today is finding its way into the pockets of the gamblers and the speakeasy proprietors. I doubt that the merchants are getting very much of it.

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It is quite likely, also, that the boom will begin to die down by the end of the summer. The fight which Dempsey staged, and whereby he earned the frantic gratitude of the town, was the peak. A month of racing is bringing many visitors. By fall, however, many of the gamblers will find it more profitable to move to some other city where, although the law frowns upon them and protection must be paid, competition will be less severe.

The Bank Club will survive, of course. So will The Willows, virtually the only place where the élite of the divorce trade can afford to be seen. So at Calneva, the resort on the boundary between California and Nevada where the lamented Clara Bow gambled and lost and damaged her reputation as a free spirit. Calneva, however, is a long drive from Reno.

TOWARD MORNING—at about 3 or 4 o'clock it is dawn in the summer months—the play and the excitement diminish. Green felt covers are placed over some of the roulette tables. The operation of one or two is enough. The streets of Reno, still brilliant from the electric signs that rival Broadway, have fewer people. A patrolman looks at the sky and yawns. Along East Second Street wander two girls, arm in arm, returning from work. They drop in at an all-night lunch for a cup of coffee. They have come from the "Crib," which is within five minutes' walk of the center of town. This feature of Reno's liberalism, far less publicized than the others, is not a pleasant place. But the fact that business is booming there, also, makes it necessary to describe briefly one of the two or three segregated districts that still exist in the United States. The others are also in Nevada; Las Vegas, for example, has a flourishing district. The "Crib," from the outside, has the appearance of a large stockade. There is a fence around it. Attention is called to it by the lights and by the presence of a policeman at the entrance. The city of Reno obtains no fees, nor does it require a health examination. Its only share in the profits of vice lies in the taxes collected on the property. But it does assign three patrolmen to guard the gate; they are on duty, like the girls, for an eight-hour shift.

The "Crib" is prospering. In the daytime, the sound of carpenters' hammers can be heard, for an addition is being rushed to completion. The number of girls is now approximately double that of the pre-boom, non-gambling days, and more will be added shortly. They are, it is necessary to explain, in business for themselves. The owners of the "Crib" receive $2.50 a day, I was informed, from each girl. She comes to work at a stated time and pays her fee to an ancient Chinese who sits at a desk. She goes home when the day is done.

It is, said Mayor Roberts, an admirable arrangement. The prostitutes are kept off the streets, and as far as I know this may be true. Certain features are not so admirable; as, for instance, the fact that some individual, or a group, is receiving an income of about $750 a day from this place. Ugly stories circulate through Reno to the effect that young girls employed as clerks and waitresses have, in a number of instances, deserted

Ewing Galloway

Gambling house signs on the streets of Reno

their jobs for the "Crib." These stories are confirmed by the appearance of some of the girls. They are young. They dress exactly like anybody's stenographer; and not at all in the traditional fashion of fancy ladies.

There are other stories. The University of Nevada is located at Reno. I was informed, on excellent authority, that an established feature of certain fraternity initiations is a visit to the "Crib."

NO ORGANIZED opposition to Reno liberalism exists at the moment. I asked the editor of one of the newspapers whether the churches had opposed the new liberalism. His answer was that they had done so, but that it was hopeless. He suggested that I call on Mrs. Mary C. Franzman, Republican National Committeewoman from Nevada, but Mrs. Franzman declined to speak for publication. She is, of course, an opponent of the abuses which flourish in the "last frontier state." She did not, however, think there was much to be gained by talking about them. I called then on Mrs. O. H. Mack, president of the Woman Citizens' Club, past president of the League of Woman Voters, past president of the Nevada branch of the League of Woman Voters, a State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Mack, speaking of gambling, said that she saw no objection to a single man losing as much of his money as he pleased. Her opposition was based on the probability that married men would do so, that the wages needed for the support of his wife and children would vanish. She told of her efforts, when the bill was being debated at Carson City, to rally public opinion against it. She had presented many petitions, but they had been without effect. Mrs. Mack, however, was confident that the people of Reno did not, themselves, go to the gambling places. She had been escorted through several, she said, and had recognized no one.

"But when I came home," she told me, "I wondered whether Nevada was to become a social laboratory for the United States."

Prostitution, Mrs. Mack said, was an old and crying evil in Nevada. With her supporters, she had attempted to fight against a segregated district. She had found that it was impossible to make progress. She confirmed the reports that girls from the city stores and restaurants were being attracted into the "Crib." But $750 a day was a large sum. It brought influence to those who received it. For the moment, nothing could be done.

Nothing will be done; on the whole, Reno is well satisfied. Publicity such as has not come to her in decades has resulted from the new liberalism. Crowds swarm the streets. The divorce business is better than it ever was, although the reduction in the period of residence may substitute quantity for quality. Reno, in so far as it considers the situation at all, feels that a degree of the prosperity will continue. Every knock, every denunciation, makes her that much better known. A few more divorce suits will be filed. A score of tin-can tourists, making their way across the continent to golden California, will plan their journey to allow for several days of sin. The rôle of sinner among the cities of America should be profitable.

If only the ministers of the United States will do their part, the boom can be prolonged indefinitely. Reno gladly takes the place of short skirts, of rouge, of drinking, of flappers, of rolled stockings—all those subjects which once were so effective for the ecclesiastic who sought headlines.

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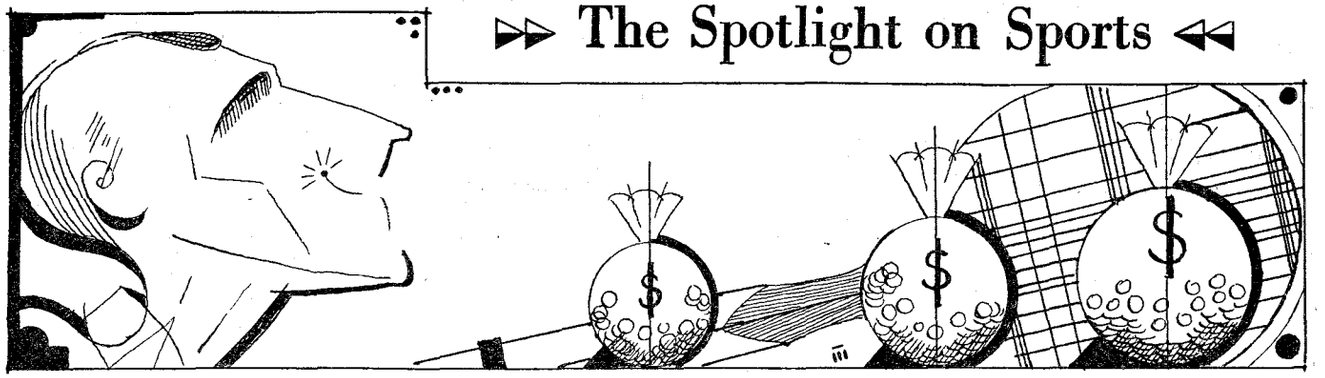
The Spotlight on Sports



England Wins

ONLY the most blatant eagle-screamer will begrudge Great Britain her spectacular victory over United States in the Interzone Davis Cup final. England, cradle of lawn tennis, has not reached the challenge round since 1919. Even that challenge was more or less on sufferance, for America stood aside during the season following the World War as a gesture of courtesy to nations whose tennis forces had been depleted by four shell-ridden years.

Britain's amazing rally to save a match that seemed lost when America took the doubles should simplify France's defense problem. With the English as challengers, France is practically assured of winning the doubles. This means that an even break in the singles will keep the Davis Cup on French soil.

Perry and Hughes, England's best doubles combination, put up only perfunctory resistance to Lott and Van Ryn. The form of the losers was too mediocre to warrant any expectation of their upsetting so slickly dovetailed a pair as Cochet and Brugnon.

England must thus win three of the four singles matches from Henri Cochet and Jean Borotra to lift the cup. Neither Austin nor Perry is as well equipped to wrest the net from Borotra as Frank Shields is. Unless Cochet's neuritis proves virulent, Britain's problem is fairly represented by odds of three to one against the challengers.

Had America survived the Interzone round, the shoe would have been on the other foot. Lott and Van Ryn had better than an even chance to defeat any doubles pair France could send against them. In that event, the French would have needed three of the four singles matches to hold the trophy.

Amateur Tennis Superiority

I have always suspected that professional tennis, its boosters to the contrary notwithstanding, was on a lower plane of skill than the amateur brand. The hollow triumphs of Bill Tilden and Vincent Richards over players who had grown up in the salaried ranks appear to confirm my suspicion.

Those who have been ballyhooing the "pros" used to tell us that Karl Kozeluh was a superman of the racket—that he could give Tilden half fifteen, drub him to a faretheewell, and then, nicely warmed up, take on Cochet and show the Lyonnaise a few things about tennis tactics.

"K. K.," we were assured, had reduced errors to the vanishing point. His miraculous retrieving, argued the boosters, would wear down those ace makers who pinned their faith on aggressive tactics. The Kozeluh myth flourished for want of any adequate opposition.

The first rift came when Vincent Richards, pudgy of jowls and plump of waistline, turned professional. Vinnie had been trounced by Borotra just before accepting Pyle's offer, but the flaxen-haired Yonkers boy soon showed that he was a match for the vaunted Kozeluh on turf courts. True, the Czech master won a large percentage of his earlier hard-court matches from Richards, but when the professional title was at stake on grass, Vinnie's volleying usually proved decisive. As Richards gradually worked into physical condition he obtained the ascendancy over Kozeluh on wood and dirt and turf.

The Kozeluh myth exploded when Tilden finally renounced his amateurism. Now, mind you, Big Bill had retrograded from his invincible 1921-1926 form. Lacoste and Cochet had beaten him frequently. Shields had taken his measure. The greatest tennis player of all time had seen his best days when he turned professional.

If Kozeluh had been the wizard his admirers painted, the Czech should have tamed this slightly shopworn Tilden. What happened? Why, Big Bill proceeded to make a show of Kozeluh—to thrash him in straight sets four times out of five. The gaunt Philadelphian handled the stocky, tight-knit Bohemian with ridiculous ease, found loopholes in the latter's theoretically invulnerable defense, and demonstrated that the ace was mightier than the "get." Even on Kozeluh's favorite medium—hard surfaces—Tilden dominated the play. On turf, where Tilden can use his variations of spin, the issue wasn't close.

In the professional championship just completed at Forest Hills, Richards couldn't hold the net in the face of Tilden's blistering drives. Big Bill resurrected the backhand cross court sizzler, executed with an almost flat racket, which had been his trump card against Billy Johnston. Not even so inspired a volleyer as Richards could checkmate that Capablanca-like *tour de force*.

Now they are saying that Tilden has been reborn; that he has recovered the fine frenzy of his salad days; that he could blow Cochet off the court. I wonder! Isn't it possible that those who are singing hosannas have overrated the caliber of Tilden's professional rivals?

That New Golf Ball

AFTER the golf professionals had assured at Inverness that the new ball was just as obedient as the old jackrabbit if properly struck *(sic)*, we find them switching en masse to the small, heavy pill in the Canadian Open.

Canada, under Royal and Ancient jurisdiction, offers golf competitors the option of using either the U. S. G. A. per ammunition or the 1.62 x 1.62 standard ball. Both are legal according to the liberal British code. Few of the American entrants at Mississauga availed themselves of the option. Whiffy Cox played nine holes with the new ball in thirty-nine strokes, then swapped rubber cores, and came home in thirty-five. So much for the balloon ball boosters. The proof of this pudding is in the playing.

Fashions for Golfers

HENRY COTTON, Britain's insurgent professional, was togged out for his American trip by seven tailors from London's swank Saville Row. He was a clothing

(Continued on Page 416)

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The Week in Business

Retail Spurt Continues

STEADY improvement in retail buying in all of the principal markets of the country except Minneapolis, which suffered from a heat wave, was the chief business development of the week.

The full force of this general resumption of buying has not yet reached the wholesalers. Orders, although encouraging in number, are still small in unit quantity and many of them are conditional on rush deliveries. The retailers, determined not to overstock, are clinging to the hand-to-mouth buying principle, a procedure which is made easy by telephone or telegraph orders and transportation by fast express or airplane.

Production is still coasting. Steel manufacture was down to 31% of capacity and automobile production shows no sign of an impending rally. The textiles, however, continue to show up well. Cotton, wool and rayon are holding the gains they have made within the past two months. Commodity prices are still at low levels, sugar alone making headway during the week.

The investment market looks a little better. The bull interests rather overplayed the advantage of the Hoover moratorium plan and the inevitable reaction was not slow in arriving, but during the latter part of the week many of the leading issues made up all they lost on the reaction and some of them made encouraging gains. August, normally a slow month in the investment markets, may surprise us this year. There is a lot of wise money waiting for the psychological moment, and determined not to be caught napping when it arrives.

The Week's Merger—Copper

OIL AND THE RAILS are not going to be allowed a monopoly of the merger news if the copper barons can prevent it, and the $370,000,000 combination effected during the week seems to indicate that they can.

Phelps Dodge Corporation and the Calumet and Arizona Mining Company have been trying to get together for more than a year. On July 16 it was announced that the directors of the two corporations had agreed upon terms of a consolidation, subject to the approval of the stockholders.

The merger plan provides that after payment of $2.50 a share by Calumet and Arizona to its stockholders the properties and assets of the company shall be transferred to the Phelps Dodge Corporation, upon payment by Phelps Dodge of 3¼ shares of its stock for each share of Calumet and Arizona Mining Company stock.

This combination should work out to the advantage of both companies. Phelps Dodge is a completely integrated unit, with mines, smelters, fabricating units and a sales organization with headquarters in New York. It has undeveloped ore reserves at Morenci, Arizona, but in the present condition of the copper industry it will be more economical to work the low cost property which Calumet and Arizona has at Ajo, in the same state.

We thought we foresaw possibilities of still another Bethlehem-Youngstown fraças in this merger, but Gordon R. Campbell, president of Calumet and Arizona, and opposed to the consolidation, fooled us completely. He decided to resign and let the merger go through.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) July 16—69.8. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) July 16—63.9.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended July 4—667,879 cars (reduction of 91,411 under preceding week and of 124,174 under same week of 1930).

Steel Ingot Production Week ending July 11—31% of capacity (reduction of 1% under preceding week and of 26% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended July 11—daily average gross 2,544,650 barrels (increase of 62,150 over preceding week and of 13,850 over same week of 1930).

Grain Exports Week ended July 11—2,165,000 bushels (reduction of 71,000 under preceding week; increase of 1,159,000 over same week of 1930).

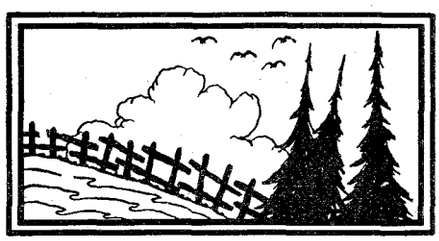
Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended July 16—$7,693,600,000 (increase of 7.4% over preceding five-day period; reduction of 26.9% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended July 16—428 (increase of 39 over preceding five-day period; reduction of 24 under same week of 1930).

Advertising—Business Stabilizer

IF WE COULD CORRAL a thousand of the leading business executives of the United States in a roomy, well ventilated auditorium we should like to give them a useful present—a brief statement of some facts brought out by the Advertising Federation of America.

The Federation collected the experience figures of 77 outstanding national advertisers for the year 1930. Twelve of the concerns reduced their advertising appropriations by proportions varying from 15 to 100 per cent. Thirteen made reductions of less than 15 per cent and fifty-two actually increased their appropriations.



What happened? The net profits of the twelve declined 41.2 per cent; those of the thirteen were reduced by 13.2 per cent; and those of the fifty-two declined but 9.6 per cent.

It is foolish to dispute the Federation's contention that advertising has a definite relation to the up-or-down trend of business. Dependable statistics show clearly that when advertising is fearless and liberal, business expands, and that when it is fear-smitten and contracted business withers.

As you leave the hall, gentlemen, please remember that advertising is to business what gasoline is to the motor car. And that when the old engine begins to labor a bit on a tough hill you don't try to help matters by getting out and punching a hole in the gasoline tank.

Ask Thorpe—He Knows

IF THIS TURNS OUT to be a review of Merle Thorpe rather than of his book, *How's Business?* (Harper, $2.50) it is because we have seen enough of him to make us realize that his characteristics as editor and man are far more compelling than any specific thing he may write or say over the air about business.

For one thing, Merle Thorpe is the nation's most conspicuous defender of business against half-baked and meddlesome legislation. He knows the answer to that hoary and fallacious slogan, "There ought to be a law." He knows that in most cases there ought to be no such thing, and he is confident that this particular bit of truth is mighty and will prevail, sometime.

As for the book, it is Merle Thorpe as you have read him in *Nation's Business* and heard him by radio—snappy, forceful, good-humored and logically sound. There are 53 chapters, all short and all worth reading and thinking about. If you want to sample, read "Danger! Men Working" or "Competition's Sweet Uses." You will then want to begin at the beginning and get the complete message.

The younger generation, just starting in business, should know this book. Merle Thorpe has passed fifty but he still sees with the eyes of youth. *How's Business?* should help thousands to understand how big, how vital and how romantic business really is.

FRANK A. FALL.

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The New Movies

"The Man In Possession"

TO MOST audiences, who have been wrestling unsuccessfully with the old demon boredom in the past few months, *The Man in Possession* will come as a considerable relief. It is first-rate light comedy, well-written, well-acted, and as smooth as they come. Both Robert Montgomery and Irene Purcell are grand. In spite of his positive assertion that he did nothing at all of any value in Hollywood last year in return for his salary of $104,000, I am inclined to think that P. G. Wodehouse, whose name appears on the film as author of "additional dialogue," had something to do with it. The original play was by H. M. Harwood. Anyway the dialogue is fast and amusing—although I lost about half of it due to the inordinate laughter of the people sitting about me. Director Sam Wood should have made some allowances for this, but I suppose real timing is something only legitimate actors can attain. Robert Montgomery is a young Englishman who has spent a term in jail for some slight and never well-defined reason. Released, his family wants him to go away to America and stay. Instead he gets a job as bailiff's assistant, and finds himself set to watch pretty little Irene Purcell, who hasn't a cent and owes money to everybody in town. It then develops that she is planning to marry his pompous brother for his money—while he, thinking her wealthy, is thinking of marrying her for *her* money. Also hovering in the background is Sir Charles Cartwright who has, you observe, probably been keeping the lady up till now. The fact that Mr. Montgomery spends the night with the young lady he is "watching" may worry some of our super-sexed censors, but the whole thing is done with taste and humor and without a single Hollywood leer. *The Man In Possession* is excellent light comedy.

Worth Seeing

Black Camel: Mystery story in Hawaii with Warner Oland.

Hell Below Zero: Unusually interesting travel pictures from Africa—talk by Carveth Wells.

Newly Rich: Mitzi Green and Jackie Searle as two child movie stars. Children will enjoy it, too.

Mystery of Life: Pictorial demonstration of biological evolution which is meeting censorial opposition. Explanation by Clarence Darrow.

Rebound: Ina Claire in Donald Ogden Stewart's smartly written comedy-drama.

Smart Money: Edward G. Robinson as a boss gambler. Careful, detailed characterization.

Smiling Lieutenant: Maurice Chevalier surrounded by beautiful ladies and lingerie.

In German

Die Drei von der Tankstelle: Entertaining operetta with Willy Fritsch and Lillian Harvey.

Die Lustigen Weiber von Wien: The most charming and pleasing of the recent German film operettas. The scene is Vienna, 1875.

Die Privatsekretaerin: Gay music and excellent comedy by Felix Bressart. The old matter of the steno and her boss—but happily a farce.

Zwei Herzen im ¾ Takt: A German film which is now in its ninth month in New York.

"Murder by the Clock"

Mystery stories have to be pretty good these days to get anywhere, but *Murder by the Clock* is so good that I am still hazy about some of the details. Part of the action is in a burial crypt in a cemetery, and the vault is equipped with an ungodly sort of fog horn which the eccentric old Julia Endicott has installed there in the event of her being buried alive. Early in the picture she is strangled, and, as you may guess, not long after the funeral the horn is hooting away and scaring the other characters out of their wits. Among these are a leering maniac played with fiendish detail by one Irving Pichel, and a bad, bad woman who wants the old lady's money, played by Lilyan Tashman. The film has nothing whatever to do with clocks.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Assigned by the bailiff to guard the penniless Irene Purcell, Robert Montgomery attends strictly to business

"Son of India"

A little slovenly work at vital points keeps this from being a great deal better than it is. Even so it is a change, the sets are handsome and the animal scenes are good. Ramon Novarro is cast as a Maharaja's son who is left alone in the world with a beautiful, beautiful diamond as big as a tennis ball, after his father is killed by robbers. The trouble is that Mr. Novarro is full of quick, extravagant Latin gestures more reminiscent of the leaping Douglas Fairbanks than a high-caste East Indian prince. If *Son of India* is ever shown in India it will undoubtedly give the natives a hearty laugh. As to the story—the diamond incident is soon over with and we are back to the question of a woman and her love. Madge Evans, an American girl, falls in love with Mr. Novarro and wonders should she marry an East Indian? After the customary eight reels he refuses to let her make the "sacrifice."

"The Secret Call"

Replacing the much-mentioned Clara Bow on the Paramount roster is a pretty little number known as Peggy Shannon. I should say the improvement was several thousand per cent, although I am not sure that Miss Shannon is much of an actress. She is intelligent and makes herself attractive without any of the cheap vulgarities which characterized Miss Bow. Her film *The Secret Call* is an old William deMille stage play of about twenty years ago, and shows her as a telephone operator in a big hotel who overhears important political gossip on her board. Audiences got quite a kick out of seeing a phone board on the stage twenty years ago. Now, it's different.

"Sherlock Holmes' Fatal Hour"

Again the inscrutable Sherlock is hooking his pipe in his lower lip and murmuring "Elementary, my dear Watson, elementary," in answer to that gentleman's "Marvelous, marvelous." Only this time Conan Doyle's detective

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is played by an English actor named Arthur Wontner, while the film comes from the Twickenham Studios, located, of course, in Britain. Everybody concerned has done a finished job, and although things move with the usual British deliberation, it gains somewhat in suspense by so doing. This time Sherlock captures a band of forgers, meets the sinister Moriarity, and puts a plaster cast of himself in the window to be shot at. In England the film was known as *The Sleeping Cardinal*. You will find this picture highly entertaining and well worth a visit.

▶▶ "*The Great Lover*"

After two or three years in very undistinguished parts Adolphe Menjou makes something of an attempt at a comeback as the leading character in Leo Ditrichstein's old drama about the philanderings of a famous opera singer. Another notable actor who returns after some years, in this film, is Olga Baclanova, who has as silly and thankless a part as a first rate performer was ever burdened with. Olga Baclanova (of the Moscow Art Theatre) is one of the finest actresses—and singers—in this or any other country. It's a crime to treat her this way. Other players are Irene Dunne (of *Cimarron*) and the righteous Neil Hamilton. It is perhaps inevitable that *The Great Lover* should be stuffy and unreal. I am afraid most modern women will think Mr. Menjou not so great a lover as a nuisance. This business of rushing effusively up to one lady the minute the other's back is turned is used only in farces, today. Apparently people took Mr. Ditrichstein seriously in the old days.

▶▶ *This Wonderful Age*

Science—good old science—has come galloping up with a new gadget to enable movie theatre managers to tell at a glance exactly how many people have entered their theatres. It is called the "electric eye," counts people as they come in, and registers each one up in the manager's office on a meter similar to that used in taxi cabs. One is already working in the United Artists theatre in Chicago. By means of electrical connections, the Supreme First Vice President in charge of Theatres, sitting in his New York office, will be able to tell by looking at a series of clicking dials, exactly how well *Her Sinful Sin*, or *Was it Love?* are doing at any given moment, in all theatres, all over the United States of America. Now isn't that something! Tra-Taaaaaaa!

CREIGHTON PEET.

▶▶ The Latest Plays ◀◀

THIS is the time of year when, except for an occasional revue, drama lovers have to do a bit of motoring, yachting, aeroplaning or railroading from New York if they are to see anything interesting in the theatre. It is the season of the summer stock company. It is, too, the season when the more earnest of the youngsters trying for a place in the theatre have to get their experience. There are, in fact, almost enough repertory companies, as some of them prefer to be called, to give pretty nearly all the aspirants a chance—be they authors, actors, directors or scenic artists. According to all the reports I have had, most of them are doing more than fairly good business, which it is certainly pleasant to hear about any line of endeavor these days. Among the better companies in the eastern states are those in Newport, White Plains, Westport, Southampton, Magnolia, Millbrook, Mount Kisko and Stockbridge. Of course, there are always the Jitney Players, too, those joyful thespians who take their auditorium, scenery, costumes and sleeping quarters all on two or three automobiles and travel from village to village displaying their wares. In other words, although to a denizen of Times Square the drama may seem to die out during the summer, such is not the case—it merely takes to the woods.

Some of you may wonder what is the quality of the entertainment dished up by the above organizations. Well, it varies a good deal—almost as much, indeed, as does the winter's theatrical fare in New York. From just plain rotten to very good is the gamut.

Very good seems hardly strong enough a phrase to characterize the production of Bernard Shaw's *Candida*, which was given last week by the County Center Repertory Company in White Plains. It marked Miss Peggy Wood's return to these shores after her triumphant two years' run in *Bitter Sweet* in England, and it would be difficult to choose a more fitting play. Of all Mr. Shaw's works, *Candida* is the nearest approach to what we lesser mortals think of as a play, and its frequent moments of almost genuine sentiment, which are always relieved by lines of piercing wit or satire, give Miss Wood a splendid opportunity to use her lovely speaking voice and her subtle sense of timing to the utmost advantage. I haven't heard what Miss Wood's plans are for the coming season, but she could do far worse than show a great many more people just how *Candida* should be played. Unlike some of Mr. Shaw's more topical debates, *Candida* has dated not at all and is still utterly delightful comedy. The company in support of Miss Peggy Wood was first class in every respect—notably a Mr. McGrath as Candida's husband, and Cecil Clovelly, who is also the director of the company, although Miss Wood staged *Candida* herself, as Marchbanks. The White Plains troupe are giving six more plays with six other visiting stars, including Frieda Inescourt and Muriel Kirkland.

The New York Repertory Company is what Lawrence Langner of the Theatre Guild calls his troupe at Westport, Connecticut. Judging them only from their production of *The Comic Artist*, that play by Susan Glaspell and Norman Matson which has been kicking around unproduced so long, they belong in the category of earnest young people trying very hard for art for art's sake. Mind you, some of the lines which Miss Glaspell and Mr. Matson wrote in for them to speak would have worried far better actors than Rollo Peters and Dorothy Gish, but even granting that the authors of *The Comic Artist* are no G.B.S's, their work was uneven. However, it's nice that the thing has finally been done, as I for one have heard quite enough talk about the stupidity of the "commercial managers" who have resolutely not produced it all these years. The trouble with it is that the situation is always artificial, and in the Country Playhouse at Westport neither authors nor actors are skillful enough to make you believe a word of it for a moment. I'm told that the New York Repertory Company's presentation of the old melodrama, *The Streets of New York*, is really amusing, and they are repeating it July 23rd and 24th and July 29th to August 1st, inclusive, so if you're on the Post Road any of those evenings you could probably do far worse than to drop in to the Country Playhouse.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

Recommended Current Shows

Crazy Quilt: Fannie Brice and Phil Baker in a satisfactorily rowdy revue.
Gilbert and Sullivan Revivals: The principals are pleasant, you can hear most of the words and the orchestra is good.
Grand Hotel: The doings in a continental hotel are still going on.
Once in a Lifetime: Rapidly approaching a solid year's run for this comedy hit.
Precedent: The unexpected success of a sincere and earnest play about injustice.
Private Lives: But by now without Noel Coward, Otto Kruger and Madge Kennedy.
The Band Wagon: Stylish and sophisticated revue with the Astaires and others at their best.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street: It seems Katharine Cornell has a following.
The Green Pastures: Second, third and fourth visits are now in order.
Third Little Show: For them as can't get along without their Bee Lillie.
Ziegfeld Follies: Don't you believe these supercilious youngsters. Maestro Ziegfeld still can put on a show.

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The New Books

The Washington Scene

"WASHINGTON Merry-Go-Round" (Horace Liveright, $3) and "The Mirrors of 1932" (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, $2.50). These two anonymous books reveal present Washington officialdom and the 1932 presidential hopefuls in all their pristine mythlessness. The *Merry-Go-Round* gives a brief ride to the greater political, diplomatic, social and newspaper figures, and then shoves them off in an inglorious backward plunge to rehabilitate their dignity as best they can. *The Mirrors* does about the same thing for the ten leading presidential aspirants and possibilities. President Hoover is awarded the hearty and stinging contempt of both publications, neither of which is cheerful reading for gentle, trusting old ladies who like to think of their political leaders as saintly statesmen of inscrutable wisdom.

The *Merry-Go-Round* will probably have the wider appeal of the two books because it deals with a greater variety of persons and subjects and includes somewhere within its pages many of the known but rarely published peculiarities of several important incidents of the Hoover administration. Every gossipy or cynical soul will find its detail and its insouciant irreverence vastly amusing and entertaining. To the authors (for it is obviously the collaboration of several Washington correspondents) Vice-President Curtis is simply "Egg Charley," Secretary Stimson "Wrong Horse Harry," the House of Representatives the "Monkey House," Ambassador Dawes the "Court Jester," and the White House secretaries the "Vestal Virgins."

These chapter headings are fairly indicative of the style and method of approach of the book. It is not without a pungent, satirical quality. Vice-President Curtis, it says, for example, is just a disappointed dreamer for the presidency "who tries to make the vice-presidency as awe-inspiring as he knows how." "To the social Old Guard of Washington," it goes on, "Charley and Dolly may be a riotous joke. But for the Vice-President and his hefty and militant sister the others are a pack of snooty, strutting swells who faze them not at all and with whom they are prepared to exchange blow for blow, regardless of the shrieks of merriment from onlookers and the outraged scowls of the stiff-backed Hoovers."

The Mirrors is not so gossipy, restraining its incidents and anecdotes entirely to those which can be used as illustrative of character, reasoning or background, but its author has no less active a scent for sham, and probably a more penetrating keenness. Hoover, Smith, Coolidge, Roosevelt, Morrow, Robinson, Ritchie, Young, Baker, Pinchot are all held up in separate sketches before an iconoclastic reflector. Undoubtedly the picture is one-sided and distorted, but it is nearer the truth than the campaign biographies.

It is hard to say which book is more devastating in its estimate of President Hoover. The *Merry-Go-Round* says that "confronted through depression with one of the greatest opportunities in the history of the country for far-reaching social and economic reorganization, he completely blew up," and that his record "is unbelievable for its abysmal incompetence, do-nothingness and reactionary stultification." *The Mirrors* says that he is "as dynamic as a 30-watt bulb," and that if he had appreciated that statistics are no substitute for statesmanship he would be assured of a "footnote" in history. It is even so unkind to the depth of his political philosophy, when his own fortunes are involved, as to say that he sent word to Kansas City in 1928 asking that Senator Norris, whom he regards as a wild-eyed radical, be boomed for his running mate.

The Mirrors gives evidence of greater care in preparation and is more analytical. Neither book, however, is to be taken without some sifting. In the *Merry-Go-Round,* particularly, there is a considerable amount of second- and third-hand town talk which, although amusing enough, may or may not be true. If the chapter on the press is indicative of the accuracy of the whole, the reader should certainly keep a salt-shaker at hand. This even goes so far as to charge Richard V. Oulahan, head of the New York *Times* bureau, with doing his news gathering through "leg" men on his staff, whereas he is one of the few bureau heads noted for refusing to follow that policy.

This book also shows a marked bias in favor of any one with progressive leanings. Few thoughtful observers will object to the praise it gives to Norris, Borah and LaFollette. But its authors ask acceptance of Brookhart, Howell and Wheeler as great men also. How differently the other publication treats Gifford Pinchot! It applies to him the crushing term, "Savonarola on a soapbox."

Read with the above reservations, the

Most Discussed Books

Fiction

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18

The Sixth Journey, by Alice Grant Rosman: Minton, Balch. Grown-up love and a waif who finds a home at last in a charming romance with an English setting. Reviewed July 1.

Dwarf's Blood, by Edith Olivier: Viking. A vivid, witty and tender story built up around the theme of heredity. Reviewed July 1.

Father, by Elizabeth: Doubleday, Doran. The daughter of a novelist escapes for adventures of her own. Gay and charming. Reviewed June 10

The Road Back, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated by A. W. Wheen: Little, Brown. A poetic and moving picture of the individual and collective tragedies of the returned soldier. Reviewed May 13.

Non-Fiction

The Mirrors of 1932, Anonymous: Brewer, Warren and Putnam. Reviewed in this issue.

Red Bread, by Maurice Hindus: Cape & Smith Another excellent book on contemporary Russia by the author of **Humanity Uprooted.** Reviewed May 13.

The American Black Chamber, by Herbert O Yardley: Bobbs Merrill. Memoirs colored with sensational disclosures of the Cryptographic Bureau established by the author during the War. Reviewed in this issue.

More Boners, by Dr. Seuss and A. Abingdon: Viking. A weaker sequel to **Boners,** with more of the same.

My Experiences in the World War, by John J Pershing: Stokes. At the front and behind the lines from the point of view of the American commander. Reviewed May 6.

Jacket design from "Years of Plenty," by ex-Duchess de Clermont-Tonnerre (Cape and Smith)

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two books throw more light on the contemporary political scene than anything else available in compact form. The anonymous minds behind them are obviously keen and generally well informed. They have spoken in each case unhampered by restraint, by too close scrutiny of the tales they heard, one suspects occasionally, or by the necessity of giving the devil his due.

HAROLD BRAYMAN.

The Week's Reading

"THE WAY TO RECOVERY," by Sir George Paish (Putnam, $2). The venerable Governor of the London School of Economics follows his *The Road to Prosperity* with this attempt to lead the world out of the most serious crisis the world has ever experienced. His principle is international coöperation; the methods he advocates are extremely simple.

In effect, he says we should write off German reparations and war debts, then we should get rid of contemporary American credits, and leave intact only the British commercial capital. America should reduce her tariffs and enter the League of Nations, Russia should pay her debts and secure credits (presumably from Great Britain). China and India should settle down and be good. Apparently the only nation which has the right idea is Great Britain.

One need not be an isolationist, a "last center" on war debts, or an advocate of Senator Smoot's fiscal masterpiece to perceive large, jagged holes in Sir George's ingenuous arguments. He points out that Great Britain never opposed obstacles to repayment of her loans by tariff legislation. In reply, it may be stated that America never placed obstacles to the investment of British funds when the shoe was on the other foot. If England's pre-war debtors had attempted to pay their bills in Great Britain in coal or cotton textiles, "Safeguarding of Industries" might have come earlier. As it was, the law to compel marking goods "Made in Germany," etc., was a protective measure instituted in Great Britain. As it is, where America welcomed British capital, the British Empire opposes direct and indirect obstacles to the investment of American capital. And the American tariff is designed, among other things, to assure that debts shall be paid with commodities which we do need, such as raw silk, rubber, jute and tin, rather than those which we manufacture already in superfluous abundance.

The chief merit of this book lies not in its naïve economic arguments but in its recognition of the fact that the obstacles to world recovery are political rather than economic. This unwelcome fact can never be sufficiently stressed, that the political intelligence of mankind is in arrears of their economic organization. In this connection, Sir George's comments on reparations will be especially timely.

"In order to adjust the extremely difficult world situation now existing, a just, reasonable and permanent settlement of this problem is essential. It is indeed to be regretted that such a settlement was not made at the end of the war in accordance with the fourteen points laid down and approved of the Allies by President Wilson. In the matter of reparations, however, the Allied statesmen sought to present the largest possible claims for damage they could draw up, with the result that not only were the German people reduced to a condition of despair, but every nation became alarmed lest its markets should be inundated by the vast quantities of German goods which it would be essential for her to sell in foreign markets wherever possible in order to make the reparation payments demanded of her. In the interests of all nations a complete settlement both of reparations and of the other questions at issue between Germany and her late opponents has now become a matter of urgent necessity."

JOHN CARTER.

"OLD BOWERY DAYS," by Alvin F. Harlow (Appleton, $5). Next to Broadway the oldest and for many years the longest of New York's avenues, the Bowery's history is astonishingly full of colorful events. Most of it, to be sure, was sordid and squalid, and some of it was nauseating. Now the Bowery is drab and dull. Gone are the days of the Plug Uglies and the Dead Rabbits; gone are the old theatres with their blood-and-thunder melodrama; gone are the countless sloppy beer shops; gone the sailors on a spree; gone the eminently respectable Atlantic Garden, the best example of the German resort for quiet beer and music; gone the many cheap jewelry stores, the hideous anatomical museums, the mock auction shops. Even as early as the eighties those who would see "gay life" found it in the Tenderloin rather than in the Bowery—one even doubts if the Bowery ever was gay—"sodden" seems a closer description as old New Yorkers now living remember it.

But since the Bowery began its tumultuous career as an Indian path, it has seen many strange and sensational events, many queer and amusing characters. Mr. Harlow has here told it all, and told it well. The Astor Place riots, the old-time firemen, the gang fights, the "Bowery Bhoys," the reign of Big Tom Sullivan, the dives, the coming of the elevated, Steve Brodie, Chuck Connor, and innumerable other features and characters of the olden days. Particularly excellent is the account given of the theatrical history of the Bowery—not, as is so often the case in such accounts, a mere list of names of actors, plays and so on, but a spirited and highly amusing narrative of the old-time drama and the avidity of the audiences for the foiling of the villain and the triumph of virtue.

Yes, Mr. Harlow has done an ex-

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ceedingly good job; at last we have the full and vivid picture of the old-time Bowery. The illustration also is abundant and to the point.

R. D. Townsend.

"The Flame on Ethirdova," by Hector Bolitho (Appleton, $2). An artificially *Moyen Age* atmosphere—suggestive of the artificially classic atmosphere of an Arthur B. Davies painting—lies about these stories of the founding and growth of an imaginary monastery. In them we find dukes, monks, peasants, Jews, saints, miracles and martyrdoms; we witness the patient poverty of common men. The separate stories tell of a gluttonous duke of Ethirdova; of a half-witted boy who becomes a saint; of the Duke's nephew and successor who was instructed by the Pope to found a monastery upon the shrine of the saintly simpleton, and of how he forgot God; and of the destruction and rebuilding of the shrine. There is a great feeling for color and rich texture in Mr. Bolitho's writing, but your reviewer finds that this book is overburdened by that feeling and that the result is a self-conscious piece of work in which the author seems to have lost his subject in a lovely maze of sensuous pictures.

Frances Lamont Robbins.

"Indian Summer," by J. C. Snaith (D. Appleton and Company, $2.50). Punctuated by "La! Madams" and "Egads," decorated with snuff boxes, and spattered with flag-flying, bell-ringing, oath-taking, soul-stirring, patriotic exuberance, Mr. Snaith's tale of the doings in an English harbor during the Twelve-Year War with France winds its lusty way. Captain Godson, the King's Officer, chief of the town by proxy, struts through his rôle of hero on a cork leg with fine bravado. Beneath his rough, unseemly exterior and crochety, harsh words, there flames that heart of gold which, against all your better judgment, brings a lump to your throat at each crisis. He risks his honor for friendship, his peace of mind for the sake of an amorous pair, his post for a promise to a dead man. He embodies that crusty, inarticulate creature, the English old gentleman, about whose activities fiction has embroidered so many thousand tales. Surrounded by a miserly brother, a twittering sister-in-law, a hard-boiled widow, a pious cook, a fragile girl in travesty, and last, but not least, an impeccable field-marshal from France held prisoner of the port, Captain Godson lumbers along the stylized comedy and tragedy of situation in a fashion which, while weighty and sometimes monotonous, yet almost atones for his author's fidelity to historic detail.

"Mr. Line," by L. A. Pavey (D. Appleton and Company, $2). Man weaves for himself an inner fantasy in which to take shelter with his

Frontispiece by Rockwell Kent for Robert and Katherine Barrett's "A Yankee in Patagonia" (Houghton Mifflin)

dreams. It is his escape from tortured, limiting, hidebound reality; it is his tiny, private garden where individuality, carefully fostered, may flower. No one else can find the bridge to span the chasm between his appearance and his soul. There, at least, in his world of fantasy, he can live wholly unmolested. The tale of Mr. Line, Civil Servant to the English government, father of three children, and inhabitant of Suburbia, carries you from the outward manifestations of his life to their inner expression. Seeing Mr. Line on the commuters' train, lunching with the members of his Department, or locking the kitchen window before padding up to his wife's bed, you could not know that, far within him, he heads a big business, deals dangerously, climbs the world's mountain-tops, fishes in Scotch streams, and wins white-bosomed ladies for his own. You could not know, by a glance at Mr. Line, that he has a world wherein he is perennial king. But, if you were to apply your imagination, you might guess the existence of Mr. Line's secret, the author seems to say, because, to some degree, every one has a fantasy, and the saga of Mr. Line's dreams is universal.

"Bagatelle," by George Preedy (Dodd, Mead and Company, $2.50). Prompted by various appealing fragments of history, here a piece of Chinese porcelain and there a serenade composed for some princely potentate, Mr. Preedy has built bitter-sweet tales around them. Generals, rulers and beribboned ladies prodigal of their favors swish through the pages with what is perhaps an unnatural, but certainly a sensuously satisfying, elegance. Eighteenth century gestures are on parade. Indiscretions, among these ghostly figures, go masked in wit, tact, and a flair for form. Violence is counterpoised by delicacy. From the rack of torture to the satinwood boudoir is a step swiftly taken. The lords of such realms may be tyrants by day, but by night they are slaves to beauty. These people are not curmudgeonly with their emotions, for a fearful flame of restlessness burns within them. Their cruelty, their desire, their fitful joys and rages rise unbidden at the call of the unattainable. Theirs is the eternal quest eternally disappointed, for what they seek is the figment of their fantasies. Mr. Preedy turns rose-colored glasses upon the spectacle of the past. But if he falsifies its tints, you can forgive him. With his vanities he helps you to appease your own longing in an atmosphere shot through by glamour.

"God in the Straw Pen," by John Fort (Dodd, Mead & Co., $2). We cannot escape our ancestors, says Mr. Fort in his preface; they hover close at heel. What gods they cottoned to, what tortures they endured, are ours, at least in a measure, by heritage. To remind us, therefore, of one of the grim spectacles in American history, and one which has by no means disappeared, the author recreates a Methodist revival on the outskirts of a village called Ryall Springs in Georgia, in the year 1830. The preachers, Isham Lowe and John Semple, have the opening night in charge. Families from all the neighborhood foregather in the clearing. Some have come in wagons, some barefooted along dusty highroads. For many weeks anticipation has boiled within them, the round of meagre meals and manual duties made more bearable by the prospect of emotional release. Now the murmuring crowd sits watchful till, from the preachers' stand, there sound the words to kindle it. Thus Mr. Fort sets the stage. Meanwhile, unknown to these sinners collected for saving, Lowe and Semple are fighting, between themselves, a battle which, for all it is not outspoken, lacks neither tensity nor gall This struggle is the axis of the story. Mr. Fort's book has a bitterness which lends it a certain weight. Somewhat against your will, it cleaves to your memory.

Virgilia Peterson Ross.

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Our Criminal Problem

"BATTLING THE CRIME WAVE," by Harry Elmer Barnes (Stratford, $2). Whatever Harry Elmer Barnes writes is certain to arouse interest and very frequently controversy. His studies concerning the origin of the World War, denying Germany's sole responsibility, provoked much acrimonious debate. So did also his naturalistic religious writings. Now he shows his amazing versatility by dealing competently with the problem of crime. *Battling the Crime Wave* is an avowed attempt to humanize knowledge in this field, to bring what is scientifically known about it to the attention of the average American citizen. Here we are, says Professor Barnes, faced with a national crime bill of anywhere from seven billion to fifteen billion dollars each year, our lawlessness a world scandal, our methods of dealing with the criminal, from the time of his arrest through the serving of his sentence, a disgrace. This situation, he asserts, is not due to lack of knowledge, for our experts in the fields of criminology and penology are not at a loss as to what ought to be done. "They are amply informed and quite able to cope rapidly and effectively with the desperate figures that rob, murder, burn and swindle. But they are hampered at every turn by archaic laws and popular prejudice." It is the purpose of Dr. Barnes' book to build up sentiment against these laws and dispel some of this prejudice.

In pursuit of this aim he first points out that we make a fundamental error in considering all criminals alike. They are of different types and demand different treatment. In any state prison about a quarter of the inmates are feeble-minded, about a quarter psychopathic and about half the victims of bad habits and evil surroundings. Both science and common sense make it obvious that we can get nowhere by grinding them all through the same mill. In the second place, in our prisons we have only the unlucky and the stupid who get caught. Our methods of apprehending the criminal and segregating him are most inadequate. The police of our American cities arrest but one person for every five to twenty crimes committed. Moreover they scarcely ever get the big fellows. And when we do get a suspect our trials are little more certain of arriving at truth than the old ordeal by battle or fire. In the third place, this crime problem is far more than a problem of prohibition. It existed before this law and if the criminals are driven by repeal from the lucrative occupation of bootlegging they will turn to much more serious crime. Fourth, much of our crime is the crime of youngsters. These boys are turning criminal because we have a large body of youths from seventeen to twenty-one who are victims of the leisure class psychology which "has seeped down lower into the mass of citizens." They want easy money and lots of it. These are but a few of the more striking points made by the author in stating the problem.

And what shall we do? There is no one short cut remedy. We must use all the resources of science available for detecting crime and criminals. We must pay our police adequately and demand as high grade service as in the professions. We must reform our court procedure and insist that all citizens, or nearly all, do their share of jury duty. We must have trained psychiatrists employed by the state to pass upon the sanity of accused persons. We must recognize that some criminals are incapable of reformation and these should be segregated from society forever, regardless of the particular crimes committed. But we must just as surely recognize that some criminals ought never to go to prison at all but can be quickly reformed through non-institutional treatment, while a third group can best be handled through institutional care. Above all we must abolish the system of enforced idleness that exists in so many of our prisons and give the convict a chance to live a more normal life, a life that will tend to reform him and fit him for life in society.

Dr. Barnes has written an excellent book and if every American citizen could read it there would be considerable hope for a change in these evil conditions within an appreciable time. But of course only a few will read it or otherwise gain the knowledge needed, so we may expect to blunder along for some more years. Yet in these 243 pages there is enough sound sense and even technical knowledge to guide us out of what is nothing less than a morass of crime.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

The list of ten best-selling books printed on Page 408 is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Behind the Blurbs

THE ONLY WITNESS to the murder of Elkanah Snow, tight fisted Cape Codder, was his big dog, who was chained to a ring in the wall of the kitchen. There were plenty of suspects, and it was lucky for the oafish constabulary that Holt, the smart New York newspaperman, and Doner, the equally smart New York detective, were down on the Cape that summer. It's not a bad story[1], and we don't object to having author Frank Shay, in the interest of the same, make the local police rather dumber than they're likely to be. If they hadn't been, the smart city fellers wouldn't have had any mystery to work on. ♣ ♣ ♣ Inspector French solves *Mystery in the English Channel*[2], wherein two well dressed corpses are found aboard a small yacht, with his usual brilliance. The corpses, members of a firm in difficulties, had evidently been running away just before they became corpses, but had other members of the firm been running with them, and if so, why weren't they aboard? The inspector has to revise his theories several times as new facts come to light, but he is always logical and competent, and it is a pleasure to work with him. ♣ ♣ ♣ The best thriller we've read this week is *Murder Out of Tune*[3], wherein you discover what happened to Ronald Pepper when he put an ad in a matrimonial paper. Vera and Joyce answered it, and they were as different as rainwater and champagne. Ronald fell heavily for the sparkling Joyce, who had answered his ad on a bet, and let her invite all her smart friends to his dingy rooms for a party. And then they found Joyce cold and stiff in the coal hole. Whereupon Ronald was snatched off to jail, and Joyce's aunt, the eccentric Lady Wassell-Jowett, believing him innocent, took the trail as an amateur sleuth and unearthed all sorts of amazing things. Swift and amusing. ♣ ♣ ♣ A mysterious box flits in and out of *Murder in the Mews*[4], and who slew Mr. Knox in the Towers' apartment, and why did Joan go climbing around fire escapes and watching people get murdered, and why did the Baroness Rumbeau look so queer? If you don't get confused by all these questions, you're a better man than we are. ♣ ♣ ♣ A handsome edition of *The Poems of Catullus*[5] has been brought out by Covici Friede. They are translated into colloquial English by Horace Gregory, and illustrated with a dozen full-page drawings and many decorations by Zhenya Gay. WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. Murder on Cape Cod: Macaulay, $2.00.
2. By Freeman Wills Crofts: Harpers, $2.00.
3. By Marcus Magill: Lippincott, $2.00.
4. By Helen Reilly: Crime Club, $1.00.
5. $5.00.

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Music

Notable New Recordings

GERMAN light music — particularly waltzes—would seem to be definitely on the wax (pun intended) in this country. The latest notable issue of such music has just been made by the Victor Company, and they have gone to the greatest of them all, Johann Strauss, for their tunes. Under the generic title of *Strauss Waltzes* they have brought out five delightful twelve-inch records in an album. The pieces include *Thousand and One Nights, My Darling, Artists' Life, Village Swallows* (which the notes with the album attribute to Joseph Strauss, but the label on the record to Johann—which did write it anyway? Grove doesn't say.) and *Reminiscences of Vienna,* a *pot pourri* including some tunes not in waltz time as well as part of the *Blue Danube.* To show that they are not taking these beautiful and thrilling dances lightly, the Victor people have had them played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Clemens Krauss and Erich Kleiber and the Berlin State Opera Orchestra conducted by Dr. Leo Blech. There is little to choose between the orchestras and the conductors. They are all first rate and go at their work with obvious relish. The many Strauss admirers should be pleased.

A somewhat peculiar release by the Brunswick Company is that of the *Finale* of Vincent d'Indy's *Symphony for Orchestra and Piano on a French Mountain Air.* It is played by the Lamoureux Orchestra under Albert Wolff, with Jeanne-Marie Darre at the piano. Written in 1886, the symphony was unfamiliar to me. The first movements still are. I wonder what made them issue only the *finale* in this way. At any rate, it's a most amusing fragment brilliantly recorded. I should like, too, to hear more of Mlle. Darre's work.

There are not enough short Wagnerian selections available. As a rule you have to buy a large set to get anything really well done, so we should be grateful for the appearance of a couple of songs, *Traume* and *Schmerzen,* the latter arranged by Felix Mottl, sung by Elisabeth Ohms, even though the lady's singing is not flawless. The anonymous orchestra is conducted in the former by the reliable Julius Pruwer, and in the latter Manfred Gurlitt wields the baton with good taste and discretion. It is too bad, both songs being so truly beautiful, that for a supposed soprano Mme. Ohms has such difficulty with some of her high notes.

O. C.-T.

1. Victor Musical Masterpieces, C. 15.
2. Brunswick, 90176.
3. Brunswick, 90178.

▶▶ Prose and Worse ◀◀

"Showers and Cooler"

In a sultry summer swoon
Dreams the golden afternoon.
Quiet rings the world around
In a drowsy haze. No sound—
Song of bird or sigh of breeze—
  In the windless air;
Only hum of slumbrous bees
  Everywhere.

Talking to each other, slow
Thunder voices mutter low,
Grumble-growl in undertones.
Every leaf the linden owns
Shudders, listening, while the air,
Hushed and breathless, watches where
Slow the thunderers lift their heads
  Up above the rim
Of the earth their bulk o'erspreads,
  Dark and grim.

Lightnings play along the wall
Of the black clouds, looming tall,
Climbing up the western sky.
Tiny breezes wake and fly.
Faint hot breaths, irresolute,
Flicker through the foliage, shoot
White-waked through the linden leaves.
  Birds flash to and fro
Seeking shelter in the eaves—
  Flying low.

Little goblin eddies prance,
Spiralling in antic dance
Withered leaves and dust and straws,
Heralding the storm that draws
Its black curtain up the sky.
All the little breezes die.
Sounds of distant voices float
  Strangely, with a clear
Falling melancholy note
  To the ear.

Still as wild things feigning death
All the earth is; not a breath
Stirs: but in the darkening sky
Swift clouds hurry, hurry by,
Veil the sun and chill the air.
Eastward streams the thunderers' hair,
Combed and sifted by the wind.
Silence still, yet far behind
Where the storm clouds crowd apace
  Faintly one may hear
Horns blow up the windy chase
  Coming near.

Hunt is up now, thicker swarm
Grey outriders of the storm.
Louder roll the thunder drums
And the tumult nearer comes.
Suddenly a shouting gust
Fills the air with din and dust.
Swift the cloud wrack eats the sun;
Heavy raindrops, one by one,
Hurtle through the murky air.
Overhead the trumpets blare.
Thunderers ride down the sky
  In a hurricane;
Night and chaos whirling by
  In their train.

For a moment air is bright
With a yellow goblin light:
Gloom comes in the swirling rain.
Slender branches whip and strain,
Strew with leaves the shrieking gale
That sweeps fiercely, nose to trail,
Down the east. The thunderers' stride
Shakes the earth, as undescried
Through the murk they blunder by,
Shouting angrily as they try
Each the other to outroar.
Lightning, through the grey downpour,
Spitting like an angry cat
By the thunderers shouted at,
Rips the gloom with sapphire claws
Flashing from her sable paws.
Heavy, rain-fringed clouds stoop low,
Dragging at the earth below.
In the pauses of the rain
Glimpses come—a moment plain,
Blotted then by whirling showers—
Of the nodding garden flowers,
Pale green poplar leaves tossed high
'Gainst a copper-colored sky—
Wet black trunks and swaying limbs
  Ranged in close array,
Toning deep their battle hymns—
  Lashed with spray.

Rain falls straighter, all around
Slow and soft, without a sound.
Dull the sullen thunder grows
And more distant, as it goes
Rolling eastward, and the rain
Slackens, falls, and stops again.
Sun darts out his bright wet gleams
Through the breaking clouds and
    streams
Brighter down on tree and hedge,
Sharpening every shadow's edge.
Little aimless breezes play
Through the jeweled leaves; each spray
Glistens bright, and shaken, sheds
Pattering raindrops on our heads.
Robins hop and fly about
  Chattering on the lawn;
Thankful for the rain, no doubt—
  Now it's gone.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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From the Life

Prisoner

HE TRAMPED the hot road of a strange country under a staring blue sky and tried to tell himself that this was where he belonged. He would not go home. He could never go home again.

And all the time the letter in his pocket beat like a live bird. He thrust in his hand and closed on it with a strangling grip; but there was no way to squeeze the life out of it.

"My mother is going to die," he said out loud as he walked along, trying to face it down in words. How many thousand miles between them? "My mother is going to die," he repeated. "Well, what of it?" and looked defiantly at one side of the empty road and at the other. Do not all men love their parents, he asked himself, if they live long enough? And count themselves lucky, sometimes. As for himself he was nearer fifty than forty. He might have been ready to stand out against it. At the thought, he stiffened his shoulders and like an army advancing against the enemy marched down the strange road that was no stranger than all the others he had traveled in the last three years. Before that—he had only to close his eyes and he could feel against his cheek, in his throat, the fog of heat and despair, the damp sweat of madness that was Devil's Island. If he went back to her, he would go back to that. If he saw her face again, it would mean the end of life for him.

He knew very well how these things happened! Take up any newspaper and one can read about them—the men who return to their dying mothers' bedsides. As if they were desperate, wanting something. And the police! The police know about them too. The worse a man is, say the police, the more certainly will he return.

He stopped still in the middle of the road and kicked the dust ahead of him. Why do they go back? he asked himself, clenching the letter in his hand. What do they want of a dying woman? And as he asked himself the question, he felt the painful labor of his heart behind his ribs.

He walked on more slowly. As for himself, if any one had asked him, what kind of son was he? A bad one. He knew that. A thief since he had been seventeen; on the police records, an "incurable." That was a lie. For three years, since his last escape, he had been his own man in strange countries. Stealing nothing. Honest. He had learned his lesson—that first time.

Remembering it, he sat down as if suddenly exhausted in the meagre shade of a palm tree that stood straight and high beside the road. He wiped his forehead on his sleeve. Fifteen years on Devil's Island. And that first escape of his. Like remembering fever that won't be remembered except in flashes that make you crazy. He had been a fool to return to his own country. His mother had been there, alive and waiting for him. But he had been a fool, nevertheless. And like a fool he had been caught. Back on Devil's Island he had thought about it. And he had seen a queer thing. In his own country, near his mother who was good and full of prayers for him, he was a thief. He would always be a thief. It was as if his love for her and his need of her were a weakness in him. Now how could that be true? Nevertheless, at home he must always be a thief. And he had seen that if he should escape again from that hell-hole—and none had ever done it, none had ever tried it twice—he must get clear of everything that held him. Never to go back home again. Never to steal again. He would start his own life in a new place. Well, he had vowed it. And he had escaped.

He would not remember that second escape. He stood up trembling and his hand closed on the letter. He lifted his eyes to the clattering palm leaves overhead and, beyond them, to a glazed and foreign sky. Was this what he had escaped for?

By God, he cried out to himself, it wasn't worth it. It wasn't enough!

Seriously ill, the letter said. Maybe, if he could get there, she would not die. He turned around and began to walk slowly in the direction from which he had come.

. . . .

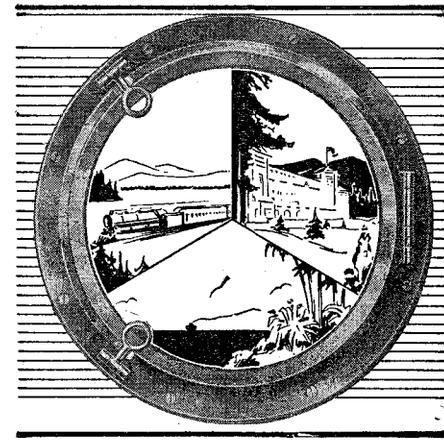
When he left the ship and stood upon familiar soil again, when he struck into the well-known countryside and breathed the soft sweet air, he knew that he had never in his life been free.

On his mother's doorstep they closed in upon him. They had been watching for him; expecting him. The police. And he was suddenly more tired than he had known that life could make a man. It seemed to him that he had always been fighting to escape from something—struggling to reach something—he didn't know why or what. But all of it had come to nothing.

"Very well," he said indifferently to his captors, "but first—" he nodded toward the door, "first let me see my mother. Once. Before she dies."

IBBY HALL.

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



NEW ENGLAND

The pleasant old towns of New England are ideal in the variety they offer to vacationists. ¶ The hill towns are still peaceful under their great trees . . . but golf and tennis are universal. ¶ Old fishing boats still bump against the wharves that form so picturesque a feature of New England's wonderful shore line . . . at the same time modern bathing suits and beach pajamas fit into the landscape equally well. ¶ Canoes are in great demand, changing owners every week or so, and edging into every nook and cranny on the waters of New England's many lakes, from Maine to Connecticut. ¶ By train, bus, motor or coastwise service thousands will turn to New England till late Autumn brings them home. ¶ For holiday plans address Mrs. Kirkland, *Director*.

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Screen Crime *vs.* Press Crime

(Continued from Page 399)

they ever acquire; for the channels of intelligent social intercourse and serious reading are forever closed to most of them.

And how about the 35,000,000 other adults (more or less) who are blessed with at least moderate intelligence, who can read well and with a certain pleasure, and who therefore give time and thought to what newspapers print? Even those among them who read little save trashy novels, shoddy magazines and the dirtiest tabloids are considerably superior to the movie fans. For here is a strange discovery—the ability to read well and to learn from what one reads is the surest *single* mark of intelligence. The odds are fully ten to one that a girl who spends two hours a day poring over a wood pulp magazine is considerably brighter than one who never reads but spends all her free time in the movies. Reading requires far more brains than eyeing a flicker of light on a sheet. And the brains which enjoy reading—even though it be rather low-grade stuff—are more analytical, more observant, more reflective, hence intellectually more stable than the brains which function no higher than the levels required by picture-writing.

So we arrive at a strange conclusion. An underworld picture of a given event exerts perhaps 150,000,000 times as strong an influence upon those who see it as the printed account of the very same event exerts upon those who read it. And it may be that, when we can measure psychic intensities and their effects more precisely, we shall find that the picture version is even 1,000,000,000 times more effective than the printed, taking into account all the millions who see each form. The talking picture, merely as a medium of communication, is from 10 to 100 times more effective per unit of time; and then too, it attracts people who are, in one way or another, more susceptible to its influence. So tabloids are mere slops as compared with the underworld pictures, which are the quintessence of degeneration and social poison.

Well, what shall we do about it? Censorship? I hope not. That's a poor way of managing social education. Could we exclude from motion picture houses everybody who had not yet finished eight years of schooling, that alone would take care of the 12,000,000 illiterates and nearly all of the 10,000,000 semi-literates in towns. The scheme would, however, still leave wide open the theatre doors to the most dangerous class of all, the hypersuggestibles and hypersensitives. So far as I can see, there is no form of social control that can find and manage these people. So the task falls upon individual parents, teachers, social workers, and neighborhood groups.

Of course, there's not the faintest chance that American parents will force through a law barring all children and imperfectly educated adults from the picture houses. For parents, as a class, are a flabby pack of muddle-headed, somewhat cowardly folk who cannot and will not run their homes any better than they run their cities. As long as young mothers give more time and study to bridge than to the moral education of their young; and as long as fathers spend more energy on the golf courses than in chasing out of town the rum runners, bootleggers, crooked politicians, and crime pictures, our present discussion must remain strictly academic. And the Silver Screen will go on breeding Yellow Dogs.

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of July 25, 1951

The special Nobel prize of $100,000, established in 1932, for the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the nation which during any period of twelve months has performed one completely unselfish act, has not yet been awarded.

President Swenson of the American Academy of Dentistry stated this week that no person in the United States has suffered from dental cavities who has followed the Public Health Commission's food regulations recommended by the Academy in 1933.

The venerable editor of *State Government*, in a radinterview Monday, declared that up to January 1, 1951, forty-five states had enacted laws relating to gambling and divorce which parallel the Nevada statutes in effect in 1931.

A Spanish League of Nations?

(Continued from Page 401)

the similarity of language and ideals. Bourgeois or middle-class ideals are ideals of comfort and wealth. Shrewd merchants and professional men will now take the place of the aristocratic, careless friends of the gay monarch. They are much more likely to enter into pacific but merciless conflict with exporters and travelers from the United States especially since the latter have seldom made attempts to treat Latin Americans as human beings, even in their own country. Since the Latin workers take a very active interest in politics, the Spanish worker will at last assert himself also. How have they been treated here?

This new situation is apparently not realized by the more sentimental writers of the American press. As usual, they are strong on sentiment and weak on racial psychology. They mistake their own detached, ethical standards for actual factors in the affairs of the nations. America has shown that she meant to try to square her ideals and her policies. This will-to-believe is a costly gift. It may defeat all expectations.

Briefly, Spain is not an old nation turned republican; it is a new nation. Between 1480 and 1700 her population fell from ten to six millions. It has taken the Spanish people more than a century to recover. But under the crust of monarchy the seed was fermenting. Because everything Spanish was eclipsed, the quality of the Spaniards remained real, unused but potential. The same factors which made Spain economically preponderant at the end of the fifteenth century may operate again. Spain was drained of men and money to keep up an empire larger than she could occupy. In our days, the investment will pay dividends at last, not to the detriment of the former colonies, but to their economic, cultural and artistic advantage.

Spain had made too great an effort. Her people bent under the burden and collapsed. They are recovering. Macaulay attributed the Spanish decadence to bad government, while Darwin sought to explain it by the celibacy of the countless members of the religious orders, and by their religious intolerance. Admitting that celibacy to have been real, both these great Englishmen took the effect for the cause. The reasons were the Arab withdrawal, the burden carried by the mother country, the extravagance of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second, the absence of true leadership, the discouragement of the intellectual élite, and the mental idleness forcibly maintained in the land by reactionary masters. Spaniards became fossilized, imbedded in tradition. They may well catch up with the most progressive nations when they accept the rule of a different set of men—how different only time will tell. We who have met these men in exile may perhaps venture the guess that they are much like Frenchmen and Englishmen of the intellectual type.

Time was when a middle-class republic meant the rule of the middle-class. Like the Slavs, however, the Latin masses are in a different mood today. That is the factor which we have to face.

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Already in Russia, artists and creative writers are under the patronage and guidance of guilds and workers' organizations. These are the Medici of today. In Spain, as elsewhere, art will soon be serving the workers or perish. Let us hope that the workers will have good taste—that of the middle-class often was bad. In world affairs likewise the sentiment of the masses becomes the guiding wand of the modern politician. Sometimes it prods him none too gently.

The new imperialism of the masses is democratic. It is not yet a very articulate aim on the part of the white workers who want to better their economic conditions, but it becomes more conscious all the time. It is complicated by mystical and romantic tendencies. The white proletariat of the Latin world is now educated, machine-conscious, jealous and passionately interested in new ideas. It tends to the establishment of a new aristocracy. The Latin worker is an aristocrat whose claims have not yet been recognized. If this is true of any Latin, it is true of the Spanish worker.

The national characteristics of the Spanish people will not be altered, but they will be adapted to modern ways. They will perhaps be emphasized. As I read them, they are the opposite and antithesis of all that many people in the United States hold most sacred. Unless we are to deplore this second venture of Spain in republican régimes, it is time to think over all its possibilities, including that of the total disappearance of Anglo-Saxon civilization before the double assault of Slav and Latin countries.

Reparations and Isolation

(Continued from Page 400)

On June 13, William R. Castle, Jr., the Under Secretary of State, let it be known that the government was deeply concerned over the German situation and intimated that if a serious crisis were to develop the Administration would be willing to consider a temporary change in the government's war debt policy. At the same time he insisted that the government's policy had not yet changed and that the Administration did not regard a crisis as having arisen. This first admission by any American official that the American debt policy might be modified was regarded overseas as news of prime importance.

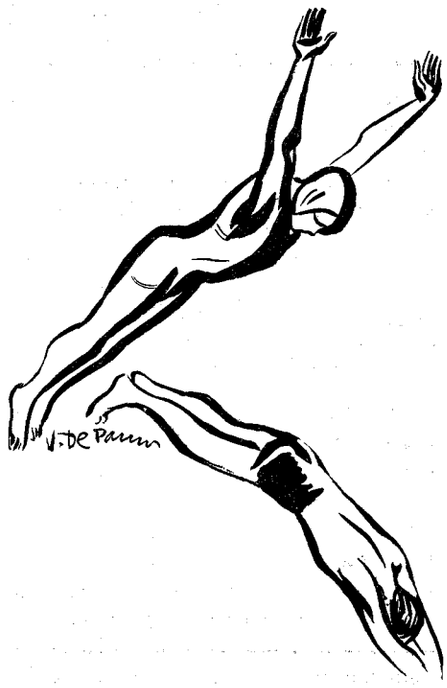
Two days later, however, Mr. Hoover in a speech at Indianapolis seemed to revert to the orthodox gospel of isolation when he declared that "we are economically more self-contained than any other great nation," and that "with the passing of the temporary dislocations and shocks we can and will make a large measure of recovery irrespective of the rest of the world. We did so with even worse foreign conditions in 1921."

Once more, it seemed, we were pretending not to see the cat. During the next few days, however, word came to the President from his political advisers, from bankers and business men, and, according to rumor, from Secretary Mellon in London, that Germany was on the verge of an economic breakdown which threatened also the stability of its political system. These reports were supported by a personal appeal to Mr. Hoover from President von Hindenburg. There was no time for half-way measures, and after satisfying himself that an emergency existed and conferring quickly with the leaders of both parties in Congress and certain of the ambassadors, President Hoover boldly proposed a program of united action by all the creditor nations for a year's moratorium on German reparations and all other government war debts.

This was a distinct lapse from our policy of "splendid isolation." And strange as it may seem, the founding fathers did not turn over in their graves and the Constitution did not crumble into dust. Instead, the country greeted the proposal as an act of statesmanship; the stock market became buoyant, and the whole world applauded. Indeed, the enthusiasm was a bit overdone, because there were still many details of the plan to be worked out by negotiations, and Germany also needed something more than a postponement of reparation.

Nevertheless, prompt action by the President saved Europe from the possible disastrous effects of a German default and the political disturbances which might have followed. It also showed that the American people are not such downright isolationists as most politicians have been led to believe, and that the playing of our proper rôle in international affairs is both good business and good politics.

In 1920 the politicians made a fetish of our isolation, not because they were afraid of Europe, but because it was then politically expedient. The American people were tired of the war and of hearing about Europe, and were moved to cheers when any political orator began to ring the changes on "America first." This trick worked so well that few public leaders since the war have had the courage to urge that the United States play a part in the world commensurate with its resources and responsibilities. It is to be hoped that the extraordinary developments since June 20 will persuade them to revise their outworn formulas.



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For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of $5 for the one judged best, and $2 each for as many more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the column.

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

The Spotlight on Sports

(Continued from Page 404)

dummy, so to speak, a walking advertisement for the handiwork of English sports-apparel creators. In his case, fine feathers did not make fine birdies.

Like Raymond Hitchcock's hero, Cotton was all dressed up with no place to go. At least he used up so many strokes going places that his gallery deserted him. That Solomonesque glory was wasted on the desert air of Inverness. No spectators means no prospective customers.

Hagen and Farrell, dandies of the American links, abandoned the conventional knickers for long white flannels. A tailoring concern is trying to establish a vogue for "slacks," hence the missionary work of Walter and Johnny, recognized arbiters of golf fashions. I doubt if it takes. Long breeks are all well enough if you stay on the fairways, but they have obvious disadvantages for the congenital slicer who explores the jungle.

British pros, Compston excepted, remained faithful to plus fours, snugly pleated at the beltless waistline. They were self-sustaining (the trousers, not the golfers), even the time-honored English braces being discarded in deference to American opinion, which holds that only a visiting fireman may expose his suspenders to the shameless gaze of the public.

▶▶*Duration Record*

DR. LAURENCE KURZROK, winner of the Greater New York Tennis Title (it sounds impressive) figures in the longest set ever played in a recognized tournament. During the Missouri championship some weeks ago Kurzrok and Wray Brown struggled to a 25-23 decision. Those forty-eight games are equivalent to the average five-set match.

Brookes and McLoughlin put on a marathon set during the 1914 Davis Cup tie, Red Mac winning 17-15. Forest Hills observers still get a reminiscent tingle from that blood and thunder thriller. It burned McLoughlin out—cut short his meteoric career. His was a Pyrrhic victory.

GEORGE TREVOR.

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